

K.
LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP;

O R,

600 d. 18
800 d. 38
The Lucky RECOVERY.

A
C O M E D Y.

By the AUTHOR of
ALFRED the GREAT, a Tragedy.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus Amico.

Hor.

Omnia vincit Amor & nos cedamus Amori.

Virgil.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLIV.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

The Lucky Recovery

C. O. M. R. D. Y.

To be spoken in the Character of Sir
John Gaylove.

35

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Francis Flash.
Richard Flash, Esq; his Brother.
Sir John Gaylove.
James Bentley, M. B.
Mr. Henry Cautley, B. D.
William, Servant to Sir Francis.
Thomas, Servant to Sir John.
Waiter.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Bentley, a Widow Lady.
Miss Cautley, } her { Ward Sister to Mr. Cautley.
Lady Flash. } her { Neice Sister to Sir John.
Miss Flash, Sister to Sir Francis.
Alice, Miss Cautley's Maid.
Jenney, Lady Flash's Maid.

SCENE WESTMINSTER,

Except the Second Act at ROCHESTER.



LOVE and FRIENDSHIP:
OR, THE
LUCKY RECOVERY.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

Palace-Yard, WESTMINSTER.

Dr. Bentley, meeting Mr. Flash.

Bentley.



R. Flash, your most humble Servant, how does Sir Francis to Day?

Flash. Much better, he is got down into the Parlour, and talks of trying his Shoes To-morrow.

Bentley. He had better stay a Day or two longer; for the Gout is so troublesome a Guest, there is no getting hastily rid of him, and those who won't patiently entertain him below Stairs, generally find him more intolerable in the Bedchamber.

Flash. Your Observation is just! I have persuaded him to stay within Doors till my Return from *Rocheſter*, where I am going to meet some Friends of yours, and you had as good go with me.

B

Bentley.

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Bentley. I wonder you'll ask me ; You know I hate to lie out of my own Bed, and always, take Cold when I do : But who are they ?

Flash. Sir *John Gaylove*, and *Harry Cautley*, landed Yesterday-noon at *Dover*.

Bentley. You surprize me ! We did not expect them so soon, it is the quickest Voyage I have heard of from *Marseilles*. Well ! What says he of the noble Lady he stole from the Convent at *Aix*, in *Province* ?

Flash. Not one Word. All he writes to my Lady his Sister, is, that he and Mr. *Cautley* were sick on Board, that he should not set out till this Morning, and should be glad to find some of the Family to Night at *Rochester*, where he intends to lie.

Bentley. Perhaps, she died in the Voyage !

Flash. No, No, I rather believe he finds her a meer Woman, and so intends to keep her as a private Mistress, and when quite tired of her, will Portion her off to some of his Dependants.

Bentley. How will that agree with the Character of my Cousin Sir *John*, who piques himself upon his Generosity, and makes frequent Declarations, that he would marry any well-bred Woman he liked, if she had not a Shilling for her Fortune.

Flash. You'll find that Travel and Experience in the World, have learnt him more Wisdom, What say you, will you go with me to *Rochester* ?

Bentley. How do you go ?

Flash. — If you'll go with me ; we'll take a Post-Chaise, and then we shall be but few Hours upon the Road.

Bentley. Well. Send your Portmante to our House ; I'll put up a Pair of Sheets, and will be ready in half an Hour.

Flash. Before that Time I'll get the Chaise, and expect you at the Bridge.

Bentley. Adieu !

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE.

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SCENE. (*Changes to a Dressing-Room.*)

Miss Cautley at a Toilet; Alice curling her.

Miss Cautley. Dear *Alice* leave off. I am quite indifferent about my Dress.

Alice. It did not use to be so, *Madam*, when Sir *John* paid his Addresses; and I think you should not Neglect yourself; for Dr. *Bentley* is as nice a Gentleman, and much more exact in his own Dress, than ever Sir *John* was.

Miss Cautley. If you love me *Alice*: Name them not together, one is as formal and precise, as my Great Grandfather's Picture in his Wedding Suit: But the other is the Delight of our Sex, and the Envy of his own.

Alice. If he was so; why would you not have him before he went Abroad?

Miss Cautley. Because he was too generous.

Alice. That, I have been so often sensible of, that I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge it. But do you reckon it a Fault in him, *Dear Madam*?

Miss Cautley. You're an honest grateful girl, and therefore I will trust you with the Secrets of my Heart! —I tell thee, *Dear Alice*, his Liberality to you, was the least Part of his Generosity.

Alice. What! Did he keep a Mistress, or throw away his Money upon Italian Singers, or did he Game?

Miss Cautley. Not as I know of, or believe: But to me, to me, he was too generous——And I Alas! ——

Alice. Too covetous, and quite unreasonable, I fear, *Madam*!

Miss Cautley. Not——covetous, but too cautious! (*Opens a Drawer and takes out a Paper,*) Read that, (*gives it her*) and know the Cause of all my Grief.

Alice. (*Reads*) Also, I give, and devise unto my said good Friend Anne Bentley, her Executors, Administrators and Assigns, the Sum of 5000 l. upon Trust to lay out the same on Government Security; and to pay, and apply the Interest and Profits thereof, for the Use and Benefit of my Grandaughter, and her God-daughter, Anne Cautley, until such Time, as she my said Grandaughter shall marry; And upon her marrying, my Will is, that the said Prin-

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principal Sum of 5000 l. with all the Increase thereof, shall, with the Consent of such Husband as she shall marry, be laid out in the Purchase of Freehold-Lands and Tenements of Inheritance, within 60 Miles of London; and the same be vested in two or more Trustees, to be named by my said Granddaughter, for the Use of her and her Children and their Heirs; free from the Controul, Debts, or Incumbrances of her Husband; and in Case of no Child, or Children, then to the Use of my said Grandson Henry Cautley, his Heirs and Assigns. But in Case such Husband shall refuse to sign and acquiesce to such Settlement, then immediately upon such Refusal, I give and bequeath the said Trust Money to my said Grandson Henry Cautley his Executors, Administrators, and Assigns. Madam (Returning it her) I think your Grandmother has taken such good Care of your Fortune, that you can't come to Want, marry who you will.

Miss Cautley. Her over Care will ever keep me single: No Man of Spirit will ever have me on her Terms.

Alice. If Sir John would not; where was his Generosity?

Miss Cautley. He express'd it nobly.—By declaring himself ready to take me without any Fortune: But being unwilling to hold any Thing by Apron-strings, he chose rather to relinquish the Money to his Friend, my Brother. There shone the Friend, and so he yet continues.

Alice. Why did not you take him at his Word? You liked his Person.

Miss Cautley. Beyond all other Men; there's not his equal. But I must pretend to rival him in Spirit, and said, I was above receiving such an Obligation.

Alice. And so the Match broke off.

Miss Cautley. It did, it did. He took his Leave, declaring he would set out on his Travels; for that he could not bear to see me daily, and not see me his.

Alice. I really think, Madam, your Spirit led you wrong.

Miss Cautley. I was to blame; 'twas not true Spirit, but a mean Distrust. And much, I fear, I inherit that from her who gave me Wealth.

Alice.

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Alice. If you are sensible of your Error, why do you not cant, and call him home? He'll gladly quit his Travels.

Miss Cautley. Alas! 'Tis too late, my Heart was hardened, till I was convinced by this, (*Gives her another Paper*) my Folly was irretrievable!

Aix in Province, Feb. 1. N. S.

Alice. (*Reads*) DEAR SISTER,

I am sorry to acquaint you, that my dear Friend Sir John can never be so nearly related to me as I once hoped. I have before Light this Morning joined his Hand to the Noble Lady your Resemblance. Who, I wrote to you he had so often visited, during our former Stay here. He then concerted the Manner of assisting her to escape from the Convent at his Return; which was effected last Midnight, she in the Disguise of a Page, is gone with him to Marseilles. He has left ingenious Thomas with me. We follow this Evening, and intend to get on Board the first Vessel, that sails for Gibraltar; where we shall be Safe, till we can proceed to England, I have Time only to conclude myself with Compliments to all Friends,

Your most affectionate Brother,

HENRY CAUTLEY.

P. S. Pray keep (the Circumstance of my joining their Hands) a Secret.

Miss Cautley. (*Taking the Letter*) You see, my dear *Alice*, there can be no further Hopes!

Alice. Then dear Madam, strive to forget him. Dr. Bentley will comply with the Will, and make you as good a Husband as Sir John. He could not Love you much, to forget you so soon.

Miss Cautley. In that, I believe you wrong him: much you hear the Lady bears my Resemblance. Can I blame him, since I refused him the Original, to take up with a Copy drawn by a Noble Hand? My Reason must acquit him.—And I by Love must stand alone condemned. As for Bentley, he knows not what the Noble Passion is. His Mother flatters him, if I have Children,

'tis

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'tis as well to let me have the Management of my Fortune, seeing it must be theirs when'er I dye.—He'd only take a Wife to help his Constitution.—He is so Phlegmatic, so very Hippish;—None, but a thorough Nurse, could bear his Temper!

Alice. If your Brother knew your Mind, he should have perswaded Sir *John* against this other Match; at least refused to join their Hands.

Miss Cautley. My Brother has Reason to resent my Folly. How can he refuse Sir *John*, any Thing, who has been so much his Friend; and has it so much in his Power to serve him? He has two good Livings in his Gift soon as an old Incumbant dies; my Brother must be mad, as I, to disoblige him.

Alice. What think you of Mr. *Flash*, Madam? I have heard him Compliment you highly.

Miss Cautley. O name him not, a wicked Libertine! No Woman's safe with him, and yet so great a Hypocrite!—My Godmother thinks him pious, because he constantly attends the Abbey.

Alice. Pray Madam does she know Sir *John* is married?

Miss Cautley. No—Nor has he owned it in his Letters to his Sister, my dear Friend, Lady *Flash*; and as my Brother cautioned me, I have kept it a Secret from her, (*Rapping at the Door.*) See who is there!

Alice. (*Opening the Door.*) 'Tis Dr. Bentley, Madam.

Enter Dr. Bentley.

Bentley. Madam, excuse my Intrusion, tis only to enquire your Health, before I go a Journey.

Miss Cautley. I thank you, Sir, I am indifferent, and hope I sha'nt be ill while you're gone: But pray how far, must I send, if I should want a Physician?

Bentley. Madam, I shall only lie one Night, at *Rochester*, in *Kent*; which I would not do; but to meet two such Friends as your Brother, and my Cousin, Sir *John Gaylove*.

Miss Cautley. Sir *John Gaylove* and my Brother! You Surprize me, Sir! When and how came the News of their Arrival?

Bentley

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Bentley. This Morning by a Letter from Sir *John* to his Sister, Lady *Flash*.

Miss Cautley. My Brother might have wrote to me : I hope he's well, my Love to him and Compliments to Sir *John*. — And I wish you, Sir, a good Journey

Bentley. (*Looking at his Watch*) Madam, my Time is elapsed. Mr. *Flash* waits for me, so must take my Leave, [Exit.

Miss Cautley. O hold my Heart ! How, dear *Alice*, shall I bear to see him if he owns his Marriage ?

Alice. Madam, I think you had best marry Dr. *Bentley* to be even with him ; if not, I know but of one Alternative if you can't face Sir *John*.

Miss Cautley. O ! Name it quickly, any Alternative ! rather than wed my Aversion.

Alice. Excuse me, Madam, you'd be quite angry, if I told you what I thought of.

Miss Cautley. I insist to know it, that I may pursue it.

Alice. 'Twas to put yourself into the Convent, from whence he stole his Noble Lady.

Miss Cautley. *Job's* Wife was not so bad a Comforter. Leave me, you worst of Teazers !

Alice. Clear up, Dear Madam ! — Here's Company.

Enter Mrs. Bentley and Lady Flash.

Lady Flash. Good Day, my Dear. You have had a long Conference with your Glass this Morning.

Mrs. Bentley. My Lady surprizes me with the News she brings !

Miss Cautley. I have just heard it from Dr. *Bentley*.

Mrs. Bentley. I am glad my Nephew's safe, but think him very wicked, if he brings his Mistress over with him, (*Aside.*) as I hope he will. — Well ! I'll leave you together. — You shall dine with me, Neice. [Exit.

Lady Flash. Thank you, Madam. — Well, my Dear, don't you think my Brother's Wickedness lies at your Door ?

Miss Cautley. He is not so wicked as you think him. — I cannot blame him much.

Lady Flash. Dear *Nancy*, I cannot bear your Prudery. I know you love him, and must be vexed that any other
has

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has him.—And should he cast her off, your Pride will then submit to beg my Mediation.

Miss *Cautley*. You cannot think he will be so ungenerous, to cast off one who leaves her Country, leaves her Friends, and even quits her Religion for him.

Lady *Flash*. She quits her Virtue, that will make her cheap soon; as her Bloom is off, he will despise her. As for her Religion, he will give himself no Concern about that.—In less than a Twelvemonth he'll give her the Option to return to *Aix*, or remain his Pensioner, with leave to marry who she pleases.

Miss *Cautley*. What will you say if he should marry her himself?

Lady *Flash*. I'll say he has lost his Witts. No he has more Sense, then to marry one he has had on easier Terms, but if he should, I promise you I would never treat her like a Sister. (Bell Rings.)

Miss *Cautley*. Dinner is ready: We will defer this Subject till we are next by ourselves.—My dear Lady I'll follow you. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A dining Room in Sir Francis Flash's House near St. James's.

Sir Francis and Miss *Flash* sitting at Table. William takes away the table Cloth, and puts on a Bottle and Glasses. [Exit William.

Sir Francis. (Fills both Glasses.) The King's Health!

Miss *Flash*. With all my Heart. (They drink.)

Sir Francis. (Filling his Glass.) Come Sally, here are our Friends, that are to meet at *Rochester* to Night.

(Drinks.)

Miss *Flash*. Brother I wish all the Gentlemen Health; (Rising) and that you had been well enough to have been one of them.—Shall I help you to your Book?

Sir Francis No; pray sit a little longer.—We are seldom *Tete a Tete*, drink another Glass.

Miss *Flash*. You know, Sir Francis, I never chuse above one Glass.

Sir Francis. One more to oblige me. (Filling her Glass) Come Toast which of the Gentlemen you love best.

Miss *Flash*.

Miss Flash. (*Going to drink.*) Here's to my Brother *Richard*.—

Sir Francis. Hold I except him.—I mean him you'd like best for a Husband.

Miss Flash. I *vow*, you make me blush, 'tis full soon for me to think of one.

Sir Francis. Why *Sally*, do you think me like most elder Brothers, pleased to see their Sisters grow old Maids, or pine away with the green pip, in hopes of coming in for their Pelf. I declare, there is no Money I shall part with so freely, as your Fortune, to any Man you can like, who is deserving of you.—Therefore tell me freely, if there is any one of them suits your Inclination: Fling off Reserves, and drink his Health.

Sir Francis. Dear Brother, I thank you for your kind Expressions, and promise you, that whenever I have an Offer from the Man I like, you shall know it immediately.

Sir Francis. Then you may wait long enough, perhaps, the Man that you like may not offer. If below you in point of Fortune, his Modesty may prevent him; if above you, it may want my Help to forward the Business. Shall I Guess: Is Dr. *Bentley* the Man?

Miss Flash. I don't like him, he is too formal.

Sir Francis. Is't Mr. *Cautley*? perhaps your like a Parson, for the same Reason, they say, all Women do.

Miss Flash. *Sir Francis* you're too satirical. But I assure you tho' I think him a very deserving young Gentleman, I like him better for a Friend, than a Lover.

Sir Francis. Then, there's Sir *John Gaylove*, what say you to him?

Miss Flash. You know, Brother, he is engaged.

Sir Francis (*Filling his Glass*) Come then here's my Brother Sir *John*. (*drinks*) His present Engagement, I make no doubt, will give Way to a more honourable one.

Miss Flash. I'll drink his Health. (*drinks*) But he would be very dishonourable quite to abandon the Lady he brings over with him; and if he does not, how can I hope to have him mine alone?

Sir Francis. That's the unreasonable Desire of the Ladies in *Europe* only: In the other three Quarters of

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the World, no Woman expects to ingross a Man to herself: Nature throughout the whole Creation, allows to every Male, except the Dove, plurality of Females: He indeed, hatch'd with a single Mate, can share but one: were there more disengaged, he'd daily rove, and not so constantly attend his Mate.

Miss *Flash*. Could, you with Prudence, match your only Sister to a Libertine, who loves another better.

Sir *Francis*. Jealousy blinds your Sex, 'tis very possible Sir *John* might love you best, and not entirely disregard the Lady he rescued from the Cloyster.

Miss *Flash*. Happy should I been, had I been immured, could I have been so delivered by Sir *John*!—But then, I'd try'd his Honour too, and pressed him into Marriage.

Sir *Francis*. But if you could not have prevailed, how would you like he should have married equal to his Station!—

Miss *Flash*. I should not have liked it; but must have been reduced to the abject State of a reasonable Whoman in your Estimation.

Sir *Francis*. I find if you are ever so, it will be by Necessity, and not by Choice. But if I can persuade him to tuck this Lady to the Livings (old *Mysticus* is very ill and can't live long) she'll then be out of your Way.

Miss *Flash*. If she has not preserved her Virtue, Mr. *Cautley*, will despise her, and refuse the Livings.

Sir *Francis*. Perhaps not, a wise Parson never dives too far into *Mysteries*, against his Interest to unravel.

(*Bell rings.*)

Miss *Flash*. 'Tis the Coach with my Lady, I'll go down to her: Will you come to us in the Parlour, or shall we come up to you.

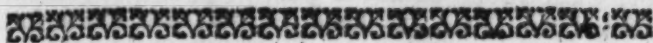
Sir *Francis*. (*Taking his Cane*) I'll follow you.

(*Exit Miss Flash.*)

*Women by Nature constant, think that we
Must be so too; Men are by Nature free:
Priests know their Interest, Women think 'em steady:
Ease makes them rampant, Women always ready.*

[*Exit.*

ACT



A C T II.

SCENE. *A Room in the Post House at Rochester.*

Enter Sir John Gaylove, Mr. Cautley, and Waiter.

Cautley. **L**ET our Portmantles be carried up into our Bedchamber.

Waiter. They shall, Sir, what Wine would you please to drink?

Sir John. Bring a Bottle of *French* white Wine.

[Exit Waiter.]

Cautley. Sir *John* you are heartily welcome to *Rochester*.

Sir John. So are you *Harry*, but I am sorry none of our Friends are come to meet us.

Cautley. (*Looking at his Watch*) It is but five o'Clock we can't reasonably expect 'em, yet I make no doubt some of them will come before Supper Time.

Sir John. Heigh ho! — I wish I never had been abroad.

Cautley. Come try to forget all Misfortunes, and imagine yourself in *Statu Quo*.

Enter Waiter (with Wine and Glasses) *[Exit.]*

Sir John. Impossible; How can I ever forget my dear my lovely *Antonietta*?

Cautley. Suppose you could not have got her from the Nunnery.

Sir John. If I had failed in that first attempt, the Danger might have been too great to have ventured again; and Reason might have got the Victory of Love: But after we had so happily succeeded! After I had her mine, and bought the Blessing at the Price of Wedlock, for nothing less would satisfy her Virtue; tho' grateful in Acknowledgement for her Deliverance, yet inexorable to love on any other Terms. When I thought my Happiness compleat; a Vessel hired; all
our

our Cloaths ready packed to go on board; the Wind set fair; Then, Then, to loose her, was too much for mortal Man to bear.

Cautley. Come, my dear Friend, have Patience; 'twas her own Fault, she can't herself condemn you!

Sir John. 'Tis true, 'twas her Opinion she should be less observed to go with *Tom*, as fellow Servants, in her Page's Dress, carrying the little Trunk upon her Shoulder, and he the rest of her Cloaths and we to stay till he came back—but what Defence had they—Had we been there, what glorious Work would been to have opposed unequal Numbers? till she was safe on Board, to have made the Sea blush with the Blood of Zealots, then to have plunged therein and swam to the Boat.

Cautley. Romantic quite! There were at least a Dozen rushed out upon them from the Cabaret adjoining to the Quay—you know the *Waiter* told us *Tom* did his best, he knocked down two or three; but that six of their Party had carried your Page quite off, before the other Half had made your Man their Prisoner.

Cautley. Alas! Poor *Tom*, he was a faithful Servant, I hope they will not hang, or put him to the Torture.

Cautley. We should have been served so, if we had been taken. Therefore you'll now excuse my having forced you away by Land so much against your Will; for if we'd lost an Hour, the Post might have been stopped and none be suffered to go without a Passport; but as for *Tom*, I know he will be freed, soon as they know he acted by your Order. For they themselves hold Servants but as Slaves, and think it right their Masters kill 'em if they disobey.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Two Gentlemen from London in a Post-Chaise inquire if Sir *John Gaylove* is here.

Cautley. Shew them hither.

Sir John. Dear *Harry*, shall I own my Marriage?

Cautley. By no Means, but pass it off for an amorous Disappointment.

Sir John. I'll do the best I can to hide my inward Grief.

Enter

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Enter Mr. Flash, and Dr. Bentley.

Flash. Dear, Sir *John*, I rejoice to see you again.
(*They embrace*) (*Bentley and Cautley,*
also embrace.)

Sir John. Cousin *Bentley*, I esteem this as an extraordinary Favour. (*Embraces him.*)

Bentley. Indeed Cousin you must accept it as a Mark of my utmost Esteem. (*Flash and Cautley embrace.*)
For since I left *Oxford*, I have not travelled beyond the Bills of Mortality.—

Flash. That, Gentlemen of your Profession seldom do, because ye generally write the Bills and leave 'em, every where behind ye.

Cautley. I find, Mr. *Flash*, you are as poignant as ever, you must marry some learned old Maid to take off the Edge of your Satire.

Flash. Every Man I find, Mr. *Cautley*, will promote his own Trade, but who will be plagued with your stale Ware. Marry first yourself, example goes beyond Precept.

Sir John. I cry a Truce till we have drank round. The Bottle is not begun. (*He rings.*) (*They sit down.*)

Enter Waiter.

Cautley. More Glasses. [*Exit Waiter.*

Bentley. How have you enjoyed your Health, Cousin?

Sir John. Very well till we came back to *Calais*: But in crossing we were both very Sick.

Flash. How came you to change your Mind, and come by Land to *Calais*. We expected you by Sea from *Marseilles* and *Gibraltar*.

Enter Waiter with more Glasses.

Sir John. What have you in your Larder?

Waiter. Fish, Wildfowl, Ducks, Fowls, Veal-Cutlets, and Beef-stakes.

Sir John. Gentlemen say what you like!

Bentley. Any Thing that's easy of Digestion.

Cautley. Fish, and Wildfowl, I believe are the lightest,
Sir John.

Sir

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Sir John. Mr. Cautley be so good to Step out, and order such Fish, and Wildfowl, as you think best. Let Supper be upon Table at Eight o'Clock.

Waiter. It shall an't please your Honour.

(Exit. Cautley and Waiter.

Sir John. (Fills all the Glasses) Come Gentlemen a la Mode de France (They gingle their Glasses) here's all our Friends at Westminster. (They Drink) I hope you left them well at both Houses.

Bentley. All in perfect Health except Sir Francis.

Sir John. Ha!—What's his Disorder?

Flash. He has had a terrible Fit of the Gout.

Bentley. It was in his Stomach, I was afraid 'twould have killed him. But on his leaving off French Wine and drinking Port with proper Medicaments, we remov'd it into his Feet.

Flash. And for Six Weeks he has only travelled from his Bed to his Chair;—But now he walks about the House, and we have much ado to keep him from going out.

Enter Cautley.

Sir John. Exercise I should think would do him most good. There's Harry and I have drank more French Wine in Six Months, than Sir Francis has in two Years, and we have not had the least Symptom of the Gout.

Cautley. Not we! If we had lived the Life of Courtiers, lain a Bed till Eleven, drank Chocolate at Noon, spent the Time in Dressing till Four, dined at Five, gam'd till Midnight; then supp'd on rich Viands, and gone to Bed without any Exercise, we should not have escap'd the Gout any more than Sir Francis.

Flash. Mr. Cautley you're hunted, I drank our Friends at Westminster, (Cautley drinks) I would not have you fling the Causes of the Gout altogether upon the slothful Lives of the Courtiers; I could find out a great many Dignitaries in your Calling who lead as indolent Lives.

Cautley. If they do, the Gout is their just Punishment, for they have not the same Excuse as the Courtiers, viz. Dependence and Attendance on their Superiors, or any Obligation to turn Night into Day.

Bentley.

Bentley. Early rising, is without Doubt very conducive to Health, when the Weather is dry.

Sir John. He that uses Exercise, need Fear no Weather.—How do the *Dutch*? their Fogs do little or no Harm to that laborious and industrious People; neither do the small Wines in *France* any Harm to them that use Exercise and keep good Hours. The *French* in general rise early, breakfast before Nine, dine at twelve, or one, sup at eight; and those who can afford to set up and drink, have the more Time to digest their Victuals, and as to Exercise the whole Nation is full of Action, and those who drink least never want Spirits.

Bentley. As to Spirits, a great deal must be allowed to their Climate, and Temperature of Air.

Sir John. I admit it; but excuse me Doctor, when I say Exercise is the best Physician.

Flash. —Pox take the Physicians: *Sir John*, give us a Toast?

Bentley. Fye, Mr. *Flash*, wish no Evil to them, who in this wicked Age, you can't do without.

Sir John (*Fills all the Glasses*) Come Dr. do you Name a Health, and we'll drink it *a la Mode de France*.

Bentley. Let it be Miss *Cautley's*.

Sir John—With all my Heart; To Miss *Cautley's* Health, Gentlemen. (*They gingle their Glasses and drink, Flash breaks his.*)

Flash. Rot your Modes of France. they are good for nothing, I have broke a better Glas than their Kingdom can produce.

Cautley. Their Wine Glasses, are not in general so good as ours, but I do assure you, they have improved vastly in other Manufactures. If their Government was free, and their Superstition less; they would soon be the richest, and happiest People in the World.

Bentley. I thought they had been better at Invention, than Improvement.

Sir John. They are good at both. But in an absolute Monarchy, private Property is not so well secured, and the Subject that deals largely, or owns himself rich, is sure to be fleeced, either by the Lion or the Wolf. As to their Superstition, you should rather call it Hypoc-
crisy

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cristy Harry; for there are now very few Bigots in France, above the Degree of a Peasant.

Flash. I guess, their Priests have no more Religion in them than I have.

Cautley. I thought you very religious, Mr. *Flash*, you used to be very constant at the Abbey.

Flash. So I am still, 'tis reputable for a single Man, that has Time upon his Hands to go to Church, at least once a Day, and it keeps him upon good Terms with the Ladies. There's never an old Lady in Westminster, but would sooner trust her Daughter or Niece with me alone, at Tea Time, than they would with grave Dr.

Bentley. Who never comes to the Abbey, when they are sick, he is admitted in the Presence of the Nurse. He may ask a fair Patient a few modest Questions, and by the Help of *Hartshorn Sal volatile*, or *Affasætida*, may raise her Spirits. But seldom has the Satisfaction of laying his own; if they rise ever so high. Can you say you have Doctor?

Bentley. I think, you have Hypocrisy sufficient for a Popish Priest; therefore I promise you if you'll take Orders, and a Vow of Continency, You shall be my Confessor.

Sir *John.* (*Filling the Glasses.*) Well answered; but Harry, 'tis your Toast come give me a Lady, that dont want Spirits.—

Cautley. Miss *Flash*! I think she would have the be-moaning Spirit to reprove her Brother, if he durst talk so before her.

Sir *John.* With all my Heart; to Miss *Flash*'s Health. (*They drink round*) She's a very deserving young Lady.

Flash. Why *Cautley*! You have named the only young Woman of my Acquaintance, before whom, I would not talk so freely: For you know 'tis as much my Duty to keep my Sister in Ignorance as long as I can; as 'tis your's to keep the World so, and not let them know, that you have like Passions with other Men.

Cautley. If you don't reform yourself, I declare, I'll blow you to all the old Ladies of our Acquaintance in Westminster, they won't Excuse Hypocrisy in any Body but

but those, on whom Custom and the Eye of the Vulgar, have laid unreasonable Restraints.

Bentley. Then, I find Mr. *Flash*, going to Church so often won't intitle you to the Benefit of the Clergy: And if he blows you, you'll for the future be obliged to confess yourself, a miserable Sinner; to what you have been.

Sir John. Two to one are Odds! I believe I must interpose, and call for your Toast Mr. *Flash*.—Give me a Lady?

Flash. I'll give you an unexceptionable one. Your fair Refugee.

Sir John. I have this Objection; I beg to reserve her for my own Toast.

Bentley. But where is she, *Sir John*, we were in Hopes of seeing her.

Sir John. I beg you'll not ask me any more about her.

Cautley. Come give some other Health, Mr. *Flash*?

Flash. I will, but you must introduce her to us at Supper, *Sir John*.

Sir John. Proud should I be, if it was in my Power, but as 'tis not; the greater my Misfortune.

Flash. I suppose you have left her at *Dover*, till you can provide a proper Apartment for her in *London*.
(*Cautley whispers Bentley*.)

Bentley. I am sorry for it to have her a Week; and then to lose her was very hard!

Flash. What is she dead! Did you kill her with kindness, *Sir John*?
(*Cautley whispers Flash*.)

Sir John. Alas! I fear she is ever dead to me. But name some other Health, I would not chuse to think too much.

Flash. Surprised, and forced away! Well! Comfort yourself my Friend, if you had had her a Week longer, perhaps, you would have thanked any Body to have taken her off your Hands.

Sir John. Alas! You knew her not

Flash. Nor any Body else, perhaps, so well as you *Sir John*; but you could not hope to have kept her always to yourself. Come I'll give you an old Acquaintance. (*Fills the Glasses*) Here's to *Molly Boxwell*.

18 LOVE and FRIENDSHIP: Or,

Sir *John*. If you would preserve my Friendship, Mr. *Flash*; you'll Name a Lady vertuous as her I've lost!

Flash. Faith! I thought I had all you know, are so, till they are tryed; I am sorry a Week was not long enough to be clear in that Point.

Sir *John*. Thus urg'd, 'tis Time in Virtues Cause to draw, (*Draws*) and call him Villain, that Accounts her vile.

Cautley. You are to blame, Mr. *Flash*, she is a virtuous Lady, I beg you'll ask his Pardon. Sir *John*, I beg you to excuse his Ignorance.

Flash. I confess my Ignorance, she might be as chaste as *Diana* for ought I could know, to the contrary. Faith Sir *John*, I beg your Pardon if you tryed heartily and could not prevail.

Sir *John*. (*Putting up*) I am satisfied; and do assure you I tried her as far as my Honour would permit me.

Flash. Then she is the *Phœnix* of her Sex, for rot me, if I believe there is any other of the Daughters of *Eve*, that would put themselves in a young Barronets Power, so much as she did; but what would think it, very much unlike a Gentleman, of him to keep her a Week in the state of Ignorance.

Cautley. Your bad Opinion of the Sex proves to me, that you never tried any, but what were before corrupted.

Sir *John*. Come give us some Lady, who, you believe, could stand the Tryal, with the Man she loved.

Flash. I know none such. Nor do I believe there is one in *England*, if she had Opportunity, would want Importunity.

Cautley. Abominable! Can you believe my Lady *Flash* before she was married, had any Aversion to me. You know I was designed for her, till your Brother Sir *Francis* with a superior Fortune, offered; thought he was unexceptionable it was some Time before she could be perswaded to receive his Addresses. I confess I never had any serious Intention to marry her, myself. But had innumerable Opportunities, before I was in Orders, of trying her Virtue and am sure I should not have succeeded.

Flash.

The Luckey Recovery.

19

Flash. If you had liked her; as well as she did you, Sir Francis, would have married a——

Sir John. Hold your injurious Tongue, I can bear it no longer (*Laying his Hand to his Sword*) strait drink her Health, and acquiesce to all that Cautley said, or you, and I, must not continue Friends.

Flash. Here's to my Lady *Flash.* (*Drinks*) I believe my Brother, Sir Francis, married a Virgin pure in Deed,——would you have me say, Word, and Thoughts.

Sir John. (*Putting up*) I'll excuse you the two last Words. We cant suppose her better than all the rest of her Sex.

Flash. (*Aside*) If I live I'll be revenged.

Bentley. (*Looking on his Watch*) 'Tis eight o'Clock!

Sir John. (*Rings the Bell*) Our Bottle is out, let's enquire about Supper, what sort of Fish, and Wild-Fowl, did you order.

Cautley. A Dish of Smelts, a Brace of Ducks, and a Brace of Teal.

Bentley. A Teal is a good Bird, have they plenty of Wild Fowl in France?

Sir John. Abundance but they are very apt to spoil them in Dressing.

Bentley. I thought the French were the best of Cooks.

Cautley. They over-roast every Thing. But for Fricassees, and Soups none can excell them.

Enter Waiter.

Sir John. Is Supper near ready; if not, we must have more Wine.

Waiter. 'Tis ready, if you'll please to walk in the next Room you'll find it coming upon Table.

Sir John. Allons, Messieurs! sans Ceremonie. [*Exit.*

Cautley. Come, the Doctor always goes before the Parson.

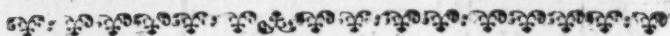
Bentley. But for once, let Physick follow Divinity.

Flash. That never attempted my Lady's Virginity.

C 2

[*Exeunt.*

A C T



A C T III.

SCENE I. *A Dining Room in Sir Francis Flash's House.*

William, (*with his Hair in Paper Curls, and in his Hands a long Broom sweeping.*)

William. **I** Think I hear my Lady, and Sir Francis going down Stairs into the Parlour. They are up early to Day, that's generally a Sign they expect company to Dinner. My Lady, and Miss, must have at least four Hours Time to dress: But if I dont mend my Pace, I shall have no Time to put my Cloaths on.

Enter Jenny.

So my dear! What's your Pleasure?

Jenny. I can't open my Mouth, for Fear of Choaking you made such a Dust. But you do well to stir your Stumps; for I bring you the good News, that you must clean up all your Plate this Morning; and get that, and your *China*, upon your Side Board, by three o'Clock. Then to get your sweet self dressed. You must lay one of the best Table Cloaths and——

William. Pray Child stop your Mouth. (*Shaking the Broom at her*) I dont care to hear any more, than I have Time to do.——

Jenny. I have no more to tell you: But that you are a rude Beast! You might have found a cleaner Way of stopping my Mouth, than with a filthy *Hairy Broom*,

William. I understand you my Love. (*Kisses her*) I'll give you a Score more, when I've shaved.

Jenny. I'm not much obliged to you for this; your Beards as rough as a Scrubbing Brush.——Good bye Bear!

William. Stay Lamb, let me know who is expected to Dinner.

Jenny.

The Lucky Recovery.

21

Jenny. Sir *John Gaylove*, and Mr. *Cantley* just arrived from *France*. I suppose *Monsieur Thomas* will bring home abundance of *French* *Airs*, be a Pattern of *Politeness*, and that you, my dear, will be his *Monkey*.

William. *Beast*, *Bear*, and *Monkey*, I am sure *Jenny* you have Occasion, to learn *Manners*. But now, I suppose, no one will go down with you. (*Enter Alice unobserved*) But *Monsieur Thomas*, He must forsooth learn you to dance, and perhaps to— (*Shrugs his Shoulders*)

Jenny. Hold your *Tongue*, jealous *Pate*, and make yourself easy, when I tell you I never liked him so well as I do some body else; and used only to toy with him now and then to teaze poor *Alice*. The peevish Thing would almost pine away till I gave him leave to comfort her with a *Kiss*, a *Hug*, or a *Squeeze* by the Hand. (*Seeing Alice*) So you thought I did not see you. *Listeners*, you know, never hear any good of themselves.

Alice. Poor peevish Thing! That would pine away till she was kissed, hugged, and squeezed. Very well Madam! *Jenny*! I suppose, you have so much of that Sort of Comfort at Home, that you are in no Danger of pining away. If you was, you would be glad to go abroad for it, as well as other Folks.

William. Indeed Mrs. *Alice*, (*Kissing her*) you shant go home with half your Errant.

Alice. I had like to have forgot my Errant, I could find none of you in the Hall, so I came up here, and heard you say something about Mr. *Thomas*, what was it?

Jenny. I said, he would come home the Pattern of *Politeness*; full of *French* *Airs*, you'll not dislike that; he will be just fit to entertain the incomparable *Mademoiselle Alice*.

Alice. O dear *Mademoiselle Jenny*! I am infinitely obliged to you for your Compliment: But will you please to deliver my Message, and not be jealous of your sweet *William*, if I should ask him a few Questions in your Absence.

Jenny. Not in the least, I assure you, if he *Kisses* you all the Time. Give me the Message.

C 3

Alice.

Alice. (*Giving her a Card*) Both the Ladies at our House send their Compliments, and desire to know how Sir Francis, my Lady, and Miss do this Morning.

Jenny. Sir Francis and my Lady are below. Miss *Flash*, is not yet come out of her Chamber; She is as busy as a Bee, pleasing with her Jewels, and her Knots, with intent, I suppose, to rival your Lady in the Heart of Sir *John*. She is always asking Questions at a Distance about him, and you know *Alice*, that's a sure Sign of a Woman's Inclination.

William. It is a Sign the Women are more ridiculous in their Inclinations than we are: If there are Twenty of you, all are for the sole Property in one, and the same Man which is impossible for 'em all to have, Now there are none of us; but are desirous of Twenty different Women, and without doubt we might have 'em; If you could but be sociable and contented, with a reasonable Share of the good Things of this World.

Jenny. So we must Starve, while you abound; very reasonable truly! But I must in with the Message, (*Aside*) I shall Trust 'em scarce a Minute together, (*Aloud*) when I am out of the Way you may say what you please. [Exit.]

Alice. Come, Sir, you have leave! Why don't you begin?

William. Why! My dear *Alice*, I am obliged to go directly into my Pantry to clean my Plate: But if you will give me your Company there, you shall have the Pleasure of seeing and feeling all my Riches.

Alice. With all my Heart, I love dearly to handle a Piece, that's weighty. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E. II. *A Parlour.*

Sir Francis and Lady Flash. (*Drinking Chocolate.*)

Lady Flash. I wonder, Miss *Sally*, does not come down, she knows we are at Breakfast!

Sir Francis. I believe Breakfast is the least of her Thoughts. She is forming Lines of Circumvalation; with intent to besiege a Fortress, in the Hands of the French.

Lady

Lady Flash. What mean you, *Sir Francis*?

Sir Francis. She means to take the Heart of your Brother, *Sir John* by surprise! If she can, if not, the heavy Artillery is to be brought down, and I am to be her chief Engineer.

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. (*Delivering a Card*) From your Ladyship's Aunt, and Miss *Cautley*.

Lady Flash. (*Reads*) They desire to know how we all do. Answer for yourself, *Sir Francis*, Miss, and I, are well, and return our Compliments. (*Writes with a Pencil upon another Card.*)

Sir Francis. Pray join mine, I hope to get out in a Day or two, and do myself the Pleasure to wait on 'em. (*To Jenny*) Does not *Sally* come down to Breakfast?

Jenny. Miss *Flash* is very busy, and desires to be excused. But begs the Favour of you, to send her one Dish of Chocolate up, by me.

Sir Francis. Pour out a Dish, and take it with you. (*Jenny Mills and pours out a Dish and puts it upon a Salver.*)

Lady Flash. (*Giving a Card.*) Return this: Who was the Messenger?

Jenny. Mrs. *Alice*.

Lady Flash. I must Speak with her myself. (*Takes the Card*) If you have done *Sir Francis*, let her take away.

Sir Francis. Do so,——Take all away together. (*Jenny takes away the Board*) [*Exit.*]
I wanted my Lady's Sentiments about this Match. But this impertinent Message interrupted us.

[*Ha! Sir John.*]

(*Rising.*) *Enter Sir John Gaylove, and Mr. Cautley.*

Sir John. Pray keep your Seat, *Sir Francis*, I'll come to you.

Sir Francis. Dear Brother, I give you a most hearty Welcome. (*They Embrace*) Mr. *Cautley* I welcome you likewise, (*Embraces him*) I think both of you look well.

Cautley. I wish you was as well *Sir Francis*: But we have heard that you have been very ill.

Sir

24 LOVE and FRIENDSHIP: Or,

Sir Francis. Indeed, I have ! But at last have got well enough to creep about House. We did not expect you quite so early. But hope you'll excuse my Dishabille. I hear my Lady coming down, she is impatient to see you.

Sir John, (*Opening the Door*) I'll meet her.

Enter Lady Flash.

My dear Sister, *Je suis ravi de vous Voir* (*Salutes her*)

Lady Flash. Dear Brother, I am overjoyed to see you. Mr. Cautley, my Brother's Friends, are always welcome to me. (*Cautley Salutes her.*)

Sir Francis. Mr. Cautley give my Lady another Kiss for old Acquaintance sake.

Lady Flash. Indeed, Sir Francis, you are very vulgar. But the *French*, always salute both Sides, so, Sir, I take it for a *French* Compliment. (*Turning her Cheeks*)

Cautley. (*Saluting her.*) My Lady has made a very good Excuse for me. (*Bowing respectfully*)

Sir John. Harry One would think I had shewn you enough of the World, to cure your ridiculous Modesty. It has been a greater Plague to me, than my own Assurance.

Lady Flash. That might do you more harm Brother ; I suppose, that was your sole Warrant for robbing the Cloyster. But they say the *French* Ladies despise an *Englishman* that has not a moderate Share of it.

Sir John. Faith Sister, the *French* Ladies, are to the full as vertuous as the *English*. Here's only this Difference, they'll give a Man greater Liberties of Speech : But are rather more scrupulous than the *English* ; to grant him any other Favours.

Lady Flash. Come, Sir John, you have no Reason to complain ; for we all know you met with one very kind Lady. What have you done with her?

Sir John. O ! do not ask me, she's virtuous as your self ; but she is lost, for ever lost to me. (*Stamps*)

Cautley. Pray, Sir John, think no more of her.— Let's change the Subject.

Sir Francis. Lost ! What is she dead ?

Cautley. No ; forced away, just as she was going to embark, I'll tell you more another Time. Pray how does Miss Flash, is she at home ?

Lady

Lady Flash. You'll see her presently: I expect her down every Minute. But, well! Mr. *Cautley*, are you come home heart whole? Have none of the *French Ladies* had Power to captivate you?

Cautley. No, my Lady, all those, who are not re-cluse, paint too much for an *Englishman* to like.

Enter Miss Flash, richly dressed.

(*Aside*) I am surprised! she is vastly grown and much improved.

Miss Flash. *Messieurs Vous etes les bien venus.*

Sir John. *Mademoiselle, Je suis Votre serviteur tres humble.* (*Salutes her.*)

Cautley. (*Aside*) If she has any Vanity, I'll gain upon her. (*Aloud*) Sweet Lady, by your leave! (*Salutes her*) What a Bloom is here, not all the Art of *France*, can equal Nature. Lillies and Roses, in those Cheeks combine, and strive for Excellence.

Miss Flash. Sir, you make me Blush.

Cautley. As Rivals strive to adorn your well shaped Nose, and dimpled Chin, those Brilliant Eyes arched Brows, and lofty Forehead. How white the Pearl, those Coral Lips enclose; How sweet the Dew thereon. A Breath more fragrant than Aromatic-Gums, or spicy Gales; than Orange-Groves, or sweetest blossom'd Beans.—

Miss Flash. I vow Sir, I can't bear all this.

Sir Francis. O! Much more I warrant you! If *Sir John* would take up the Subject, and go on for an Hour; you'd say he preached as well as the Parson.

Sir John. Indeed!—He handles the Text so well, and on so agreeable a Subject, that I shan't interrupt him. I declare, I have not heard him say any Thing like this, to the finest Ladies in *France*.

Cautley. To paint and plaister, who can worship Idols? but real beauty, such as I behold, all Eyes must dwell on! Every Tongue must Praise!

Lady Flash. Indeed, Mr. *Cautley*, if you go on so you'll make *Miss Sally* intolerably vain; and put every Body else out of Conceit with themselves.

Cautley.

Cautley. Without Disparagement to any other Lady, her Shape is most exact, and nicely Taper. A Rising Chest, and Neck, as Ivory white: These Arms and Hands, (*taking hold of one*) like Alabaster smooth. Her every Limb, so well proportioned. An Air so easy and her Mien so Graceful, none like me have beheld; but must confess, *Venus of Medicis* a clumsy Statue, brought in Comparison tho' by it self, admired for Delicacy.

Lady Flash. I see, my dear Sister, you begin to blush again. You shall go up with me, and no longer stand his Banter.

Cautley. My Lady! Bantering is not my Province, But rather than leave such good Company, I will be silent.

Miss Flash. Sir, we shall return to you at Dinner, in the mean Time, I am much obliged to you for your Compliments.

[*Exeunt Lady Flash, and Miss.*]

Sir John. Sir Francis, when do you dine?

Sir Francis. Exactly at four.

Cautley. Will you excuse me, Sir Francis.

Sir Francis. Indeed, Sir, I must insist upon your dining with us.

Cautley. I mean 'till Dinner. I shall just have Time to see my Sister, and pay my Compliments to Mrs Bentley.

Sir Francis. Sir, you know the Time. Pray don't make us wait.

Cautley. That, I beg you will not, Sir Francis, If I should be detain'd. [Exit.

Sir Francis. But where's Dr. Bentley, and my Brother Richard, I expected you all together?

Sir John. The Dr. had a Patient at *Deptford*, whom he said he would take the Opportunity to see. But they'd be sure to be here at Dinner.

Sir Francis. Come Brother, sit down, I want to have a little serious Discourse with you.

Sir John. It will be very agreeable to me, and suit my present Temper; for 'tis with Pain I've hitherto kept up a cheerful Semblance,

Sir

Sir Francis. If you make a right Use of this Grave Turn of Thought, it may make the Remainder of Life more happy.

Sir John. Pray explain yourself, *Sir Francis*; I know you are my Friend, and I'll take every Thing you say, in good Part.

Sir Francis. *Sir John*, you've now seen the World, not only Men, and Manners, at Foreign Courts; but Women also.

Sir John. O! do not mention Women: There is but one I've seen, that's worth my Care, ande'en to talk of her, now gives me Pain.

Sir Francis. I'll not, of her you mean, say good, or bad. But only this, that whatever she was, with risque of Life you set her free, and by Surprize you've lost her. Beyond the Power of daring to regain. This must convince you that every Pleasure purchased clandestinely, cannot be lasting.

Sir John. I grant it, and therefore wish I had avowed the Theft; myself been her Conductor, and lost my Life, rather than her I love.

Sir Francis. That's past recall, and you mistake my Purpose. 'Tis not to blame your Conduct past: But to point out a new Tract, which leads, to the high Road of Happiness.

Sir John. Proceed, I am all Attention.

Sir Francis. What think you of Marriage.

Sir John. I think the State most honourable.

Sir Francis. What think you of a Lady with five Thousand Pounds?

Sir John. You mean Miss *Cautley*, I thought her once the most amiable of her Sex, but, 'twas he own Fault I ever saw another (there are but few) can rival her in Charms.

Sir Francis. Miss *Cautley*, is now laid out for Dr. *Bentley*; but 'twas not her I meant: What think you of the Fortune?

Sir John. I despise it.

Sir Francis. But the Lady I mean, has a Friend that can, and will encrease it; if she marries with his Approbation. You are the Man approved off, the Lady you have seen, confessed her handsome. Then Name
the

the Sum that will content you. Be reasonable, and be happy !

Sir *John*. You've said enough, to make me guess the Lady, and you her generous Brother, her Person, and her Accomplishments, would alone recommend her to me who have more than Wealth enough. But alas ! It is not in my Power any more to be a happy Man !

Sir *Francis*. What hinders ?

Sir *John*. Are Vows binding ? seriously made, mutually given ; and ratified with equal Tendernefs. No Breach, on either Side, nor any Thing wilfully committed to forfeit the Obligation.

Sir *Francis*. I grant they're binding, as long as possible to be performed.

Sir *John*. Then I have vowed most solemnly to love but one, whilst both our Lives should last, the Vow was mutual ; and may I perish, if I ever break it.

Sir *Francis*. Then it was rash ; consider it is fruitless,

Sir *John*. That's my Misfortune : But to shew you Sir *Francis*, my grateful Sense of your most generous Offer, I beg you, and your Sister, will both accept that which I'm about to make you, in return. *Cautley*, my Friend, more worthy than myself, in all respects ; but that of Fortune. I am sure he Loves her well ; and most Sincerely : For though his Praises, and high Similes, might seem Romantick, and a Traveller's Flight ; he has so much Prudence, he would not have made 'em, if Love, almighty Love ! had not compelled him.

Sir *Francis*. You make me Laugh at you, to think that any one, besides a Woman, should credit ought he said.

Sir *John*. I know him well, and therefore do believe he loves your Sister, beyond all the Sex he ever saw ; and if I am any judge of their Behaviour, your Lady, and Miss *Sally* were convinced his Words came from his Heart : Do you think they both of 'em relished it alike ?

Sir

Sir Francis. No. I think my Lady express'd her Dislike, and that Sally's Vanity seem'd to be a little elated: She liked the Flattery, and may think all true that comes from a Parson.

Sir John. If she likes him (as I believe she does) to gain your Approbation to the Match; I'll make his Income double her's, until the Livings fall: Whether they do, or not; if she survives him, I'll make her also sure of the same Income, during her Life, and the free Disposal of her present Fortune.

Sir Francis. The strongest Friendship that I ever knew: Sir John! I accept the Offer, and will, when Dinner is over, take an Opportunity to propose it. If she'll consent I'll introduce him to her; and she shall fix the Day, before we let them part.

Sir John. Agreed.

*Friendship must now supply the Joys of Love,
In this we imitate the Bless'd Above.*

Sir Francis. Come let us go up into the Dining-Room.

Sir John. I'll open the Door for you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. Changes to Miss Cautleys Dressing Room.

*Miss Cautley with a Letter, and Card in her Hand,
and Alice waiting.*

Miss Cautley. Shew Mrs Bentley this Invitation to drink Tea, and spend the Evening with her Niece.

(Gives a Card) [Exit. Alice.]

(Opens the Letter) Now I'll see what my Dear Lady Flash, writes to me in particular. *(reads.)*

Dear Nancy.

I Have just discovered a dangerous Conspiracy, to seize upon the Heart of my Brother Sir John, as soon as he arrives at our House; and if the Town does not surrender upon the first Summons, heavy Artillery is threatened to be brought before it: I think you have still an Interest in the Citadel, and therefore, advise you to muster all your Charms, and come to its Relief.

The

The Conspirators are near, and dear to me; so you must take this Advice, as a strong Proof of my inviolable Attachment.

Wednesday Morning
12 o' Clock.

Yours,

ARABELLA FLASH.

Was he not married, this might raise my Spirits; but as he is, their Hopes are vain as mine, are, perhaps his Lady's dead. O! No. They are all ignorant he has one.—— But yet 'tis possible.——

Enter Alice.

Alice. Madam your Brother's below in the Parlour. Miss Cautley. Dear Girl, I am overjoyed.——I'll come to him instantly. *[Exit. Alice.]*

He shall resolve my Doubts, if that Sir John is free. The God of Love, may bring him back to me. [Exit.]



A C T. IV.

SCENE I. *The Parlour in Sir Francis Flash's House.*

Enter Sir Francis Flash, and Sir John Gaylove.

Sir Francis. **W**ELL. Brother! I took Sally by herself just before Dinner, and upon telling her your Preengagement, and Resolution, I find her Heart is not so fixed; but that the Parson may prevail, if he'll take a little Pains, and keep up Decorums.

Sir John. What Decorum is necessary? I don't suppose he'll fall to without saying Grace.

Sir Francis. Why you know, Women must sometimes be courted to do what they like; now you, and I, must act in this Affair, just like two honest Lawyers, who have agreed every thing between themselves, for the Good of their respective Clients, and then must pretend to each of them, that the other is to be cajoled.

Sir

The *Lucky Recovery*. 31

Sir *John*. Good!—do you lay down the Plan, how we are to proceed?

Sir *Francis*. As thus, he is not to know that I have said a Word to her on the Subject: But you are first to get a Confession from him, that he is sincerely in Love with *Miss*. Then to tell him, that you were so sure in your Guess about it, that you had talk'd to, and offered me, such advantageous Terms, that I undertook to forward the Affair; if he would make a Declaration to her in my hearing.

Sir *John*. Then, I must really keep *Harry* in Ignorance, and not let him know that *Miss* is consenting.

Sir *Francis*. That's what I am charged to keep a Secret, both from him and you.

Sir *John*. Very well. But 'tis the first Secret I ever kept for a Lady that would not herself intrust me with it. However, it shall be complied with; how are we to begin?

Sir *Francis*. Do you go up in the Dining-room, and tell *Sally* softly, that I want to speak with her in my Study. Then after drinking a Glass, take *Cautley* into the Drawing-room, talk him over, as I have directed, and send him to borrow a Book.

Sir *John*. Is that all I am to do?

Sir *Francis*. If he does his Part, I'll manage the rest. You know I usually withdraw to rest for an Hour; so I shall be upon the Couch, by that Time she comes to me. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter Miss Cautley, and William.

Miss Cautley. Whisper your Lady, I'm here; and would speak with her alone, before the rest of the Company know I am come; [*Exit William*.]
especially, Sir *John*.—How can I bear to see that charming Man and not upbraid myself? And yet my Pride will find it Difficult to Act sincerely.

(*She sets down to a Spinnet, Plays and Sings.*)

A S O N G.

I.

HOW hard is the Combat between Love, and Pride,
 In the Breast of a Maid, who her Wishes, will hide.
 Though the dear Youth should offer her Heart most
 Delights,
 She will say to him nay, and put on her feign'd Sights.
 But if he—discouraged not offers again,
 She must then blame herself, and to none can complain.

II.

Oh! Then to regain him, she finds it more hard,
 To make him Advances, by Pride she's debar'd.
 Her Love, may oblige her to fall in his Way,
 But then, if he's silent, she nothing must say.
 If she smiles and looks gay he won't offer again,
 Least she prove a Coquet, and should laugh at his Pain:

III.

At last, she determines to throw off Disguise,
 But alas! 'tis too late, he has found one more wise,
 Who accepts of his Offer; secures him her own,
 And his first Love is forced—to lie all lone.
 Take Warning you Virgins, and act more sincere,
 And let not your Pride, be the Loss of your Dear.

Enter Lady Flash.

Lady Flash. My dear, you are very kind to come so soon. Where is my Aunt?

Miss Cautley. She has got a Cold, and desires you'll excuse her; but hopes to see her Nephew, as soon as his other Friends can spare him.

Lady Flash. He's quite a leisure Man, unless you find him Employment.

Miss Cautley. Then the Town's not taken.

Lady Flash. No. But the Governor, is so much in the Interest of the *French*, that I am afraid, it will not be ever in your Power, to recover the Citadel.

Miss Cautley. Pray, my dear Lady, explain yourself.

Lady

Lady Flash. Why, as yet, all I have been able to learn is, that the Lady, who we thought he had upon cheap Terms, has preserved her Virtue: but by Surprise has again lost her Liberty, just as she was going to embark, and notwithstanding there is no Hopes of regaining her; my Brother is resolved not to address any other Lady, during her Life. And 'tis, Sir *Francis's* Opinion, no Offers ever so advantageous, will stagger him.

Miss Cautley. I am of the same Opinion. But yet, if you are sure his *French Lady* is safe in the Cloyster, I'll try my last Effort.

Lady Flash. What is it, can I assist you?

Miss Cautley. That he did love me once, beyond all other Women, is my firm Belief. I've read that the last Ember of Love, is Jealousy. I'll try, if I can give him any Pain, by encouraging another in his Presence: What think you of the Scheme?

Lady Flash. I approve it much, if you have Resolution to make it serve a double Purpose; if not, you may repent the Trial.

Miss Cautley. I see no Illconvenience, or any Purpose it can serve, but one.

Lady Flash. Love, or Revenge, is every Woman's Purpose. And if you can't succeed in the one, you may in the other; for tho' he may despise your Arts, whilst he can think you jest; yet, if you can resolve to wed another, he'd then regret his Loss of you, as much as her, his Soul now seems to doat on. But if you can't resolve to wed another, 'tis so dishonourable to give Encouragement; that all Men will despise you for a Jilt. And like most Coquets, you'll inevitably die an old Maid.

Miss Cautley. Rather than be an old Maid by Necessity, I will do any Thing; marry any Man that I think loves me, is a Gentleman, and worthy my Esteem. But if, Sir *John*, should afterwards relent, what would become of me then?

Lady Flash. Laugh at him in your Turn, and let him know that you are as-Virtuous, as his cloystered Lady.

Miss Cautley I hope his Jealousy will prove his Love, and keep me his before I wed another. But then, how shall I disengage myself from him who only serves, as a Decoy?

Lady Flash. Marry, Sir *John*; and ask the other Pardon.

Miss Cautley. I find there's no Retreat, but in Wedlock; and yet I am resolved to try the Experiment: Are they both above in the Dining-room?

Lady Flash. They are over a Bottle there with Mr. *Flash*. I left Sir *Francis* and his Sister in the Study, and your Brother came in to borrow a Book. There seems to be a growing Inclination between them two. Sir *Francis* gave me the Hint, as she came in; but I was called to you, before I could find out whether he approved of it. Come, if you can keep your Resolution, I'll shew you up into the Dining-room.

Miss Cautley. Resolv'd I am, to act a desperate Part, To have the Man I love, or break his Heart.
Lead on, I'll follow you. [Exeunt.]

Enter Sir Francis, and Mr. Flash.

Sir Francis. Brother *Richard*, I called you down out of the Dining-room, on Purpose to communicate to you a Matter, ought to give us both great Satisfaction.

Mr. Flash. If it gives you Satisfaction, to be sure, I shall be pleased Brother.

Sir Francis. You know our Sister's Fortune is 5000*l.* and it is Time she should be married.

Mr. Flash. I believe she is ready. But where is there a proper Match for her?

Sir Francis. My Brother, Sir *John Gaylove*, was my first View. But the Loss of his French Lady has so chagrin'd him, that he is resolutely bent to remain single.

Mr. Flash. As much as to say, he will not be confin'd to one; he's a wise Man!

Sir Francis. He's a generous Man; for he has recommended another upon such advantageous Terms for her, that I accepted the Offer.

Mr.

Mr. *Flash*. But does my Sister like him, as well ; who is he pray ?

Sir *Francis*. She does, 'tis Mr. *Cautley*.

Mr. *Flash*. He is not a proper Match, before the Livings fall. And they are only for Life, (*Aside*.) I'll prevent it if possible. D—mn the Parson, I hate him.

Sir *Francis*. Sir *John* has engaged to make his Income double hers 'till the Livings fall ; and if *Cautley* dies before her, to continue it to her for Life, and her Fortune to be at her own Disposal.

Mr. *Flash*. But if she should die first, her Fortune is gone. Besides, I have Reasons to dislike the Man, upon your Account.

Sir *Francis*. Upon my Account ! Why I have introduced him, left 'em together, and engaged so far, that I can't honourably go back.

Mr. *Flash*. If you regard your Honour, you will go back.

Sir *Francis*. Reasons upon my Account, you said : What are they ?

Mr. *Flash*. Upon your Account, such Reasons as were you to know, would break your Peace.

Sir *Francis*. Name 'em, I think him a most worthy honest Man, and that she will be very happy with him.

Mr. *Flash*. She'll be despised, and you a——

Sir *Francis*. What do you mean ?

Mr. *Flash*. A Cuckold——Your Lady loves him. Now 'tis out. You have my Reasons.

Sir *Francis*. That once she liked him I believe.—But that's long since, and he's a Man of Honour.

Mr. *Flash*. He's a Hypocrite when sober ; but worse when drunk.

Sir *Francis*. I never saw him so——What is he then ?

Mr. *Flash*. A Coxcomb, that will brag of Lady's Favours.

Sir *Francis*. When did you see him drunk, and where ?

Mr. *Flash*. Last Night at ROCHESTER.

Sir *Francis*. What did he brag of ; you begin to warm me.

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Mr. *Flash*. Then I'll be silent, if you loose your Temper.

Sir *Francis*. I will be calm, pray go on, and tell me what he brags of?

Mr. *Flash*. Why we were in general Discourse about the Virtue of Women.

Sir *Francis*. Did he dare say my Lady was not so?

Mr. *Flash*. Have Patience, and you shall hear how fit a Man he is to be our Brother.

Sir *Francis*. What did he say? You rack my Expectation.

Mr. *Flash*. He said they all were Virtuous, till they met with the Man they liked; and had an Opportunity to be otherwise.

Sir *Francis*. Did he say so? But he was drunk you say.

Mr. *Flash*. But drunken Men speak Truths, which sober they'd conceal. He further said, every Woman that had Opportunity would not want Importunity.

Sir *Francis*. Well what then, what are his drunken Thoughts to me?

Mr. *Flash*. Had he stood there, I might believe 'em only drunken Thoughts.

Sir *Francis*. What said he more, I pray, go on, keep me not in Suspence.

Mr. *Flash*. He said, my Lady *Flash*, had no Aversion to him. That he never had any serious Intention to marry her? tho' she was designed for him, before you paid your Addresses. That before he was in Orders, he had innumerable Opportunities to try her Virtue, that he was sure she was,——

Sir *Francis*. Hold—I'll hear no more, he is a Villain, and belies her.

Mr. *Flash*. This is the worthy honest Man, will make our Sister happy.

Sir *Francis*. Did Sir *John* hear him say all this of his Sister, and not resent it?

Mr. *Flash*. He did resent it. Drew his Sword, I thought he would have stabbed the Villain.

Sir *Francis*. 'Tis strange, he can have so much Friendship for him still!

Mr.

Mr. *Flash*. He thinks, perhaps, that Marriage in the Family, may lay a greater Restraint upon his Words, at least, and so hopes to preserve his own Sister's Credit, at the Risque of our Sister's Peace.

Sir *Francis*. What shall I do? he has traduced my Wife!

Mr. *Flash*. Break off the Match, and banish him the House.

Sir *Francis*. I will, but I charge you not to speak of this Business; I'll manage it so, it shall not seem my doing.

Mr. *Flash*. As becomes you, and I will be silent.

Sir *Francis*. (*Embracing him*) Brother, I thank you for this real Friendship; you may depend upon my Resolution. do you find out *Sally*, and send her to me.

Mr. *Flash*. I will. (*Aside*) Now I shall be revenged both of the Hector, and his Parson. [*Exit.*]

Enter Lady Flash.

Lady *Flash*. My dear, why don't you come up to us, you've lost the finest Sport.

Sir *Francis*. Perhaps, your Sport might not divert me much.

Lady *Flash*. Indeed, it would; there has been such a Scene between Miss *Cautley*, and Sir *John*, that has been high Diversion to every Body, but themselves.

Sir *Francis*. I thought the Actors were always most diverted. 'Tis so sometimes.

Lady *Flash*. No, they have been at cross-Purposes, she to try Sir *John*, tells Dr. *Bentley*, she'd rather be his Nurse, than die an old Maid.

Sir *Francis*. Well what said Sir *John*?

Lady *Flash*. He shrugged his Shoulders, shook his brazen Head, and said with a Sigh—Time is past. While the Doctor made a formal Bow, and said he should like a young Maid for a Nurse, better than an old one. But that he had more Occasion for a Wife than a Nurse.

Sir *Francis*. Very well. What said *Nanny* to that?

Lady *Flash*. Incouraged by the Grimace of Sir *John*,

says she, of the two, I had rather be a Wife, than a Nurse. I assure you. Upon which, Sir *John*, recovering himself, says Doctor, the Lady has given you a fair Challenge, if you dare venture.

Sir *Francis*. Well! What said *Bentley*.

Lady *Flash*. With another obsequious Bow, he took her Hand, he kneeled, and begg'd she's make him happy; says Sir *John*, pray do Madam, I will be one of your Bridemen.

Sir *Francis*. Well what said she?

Lady *Flash*. Provoked at his Insolence, she answered, will you give me away Sir *John*? for my Brother must read the Ceremony.

Sir *Francis*. Away. Sir *John*; was spoke with an Emphasis, I warrant her. What said Sir *John* to her double *Entendre*?

Lady *Flash*. With an affected Carelessness, he replied, yes Madam, I'll be your Father: But 'tis you must name the Day.

Sir *Francis*. How could she bear that?

Lady *Flash*. Her Passion rose, says she in broken Accents, Sir *John*, would you ha—have me Na—me the Day? I'll make happy Doctor *Bentley*. Yes Madam, answered Sir *John*, let's have a Wedding. I am not like the Dog in the Fable.

Sir *Francis*. This was quite provoking indeed!

Lady *Flash*. Her Indignation turned her Face to Scarlet, she replied, tearing her Fan, with a violent Flirt, and bursting out in Tears, since you desire it, It shall be to Morrow. Doctor conduct me home. I'll keep my Word. A little necessary Preparation, will employ me this Evening, but (with a low Curtesye, and forced Smile) I shall be glad of all your good Company to our Nuptials.

Sir *Francis*. And so, the Doctor and she are gone Home together.

Lady *Flash*. They are gone, and all are laughing above, except Sir *John*, who swears, she has the greatest Spirit he ever knew; and is vexed he so provoked her.

Sir *Francis*. I've heard something too, that I am ve-
ry

ry much displeased at. I expect my Sister here, and must have a little private talk with her, and then I shall be glad to go to Supper; and retire betimes; for I must have a long Conference with your Ladyship before we sleep.

Lady Flash. My dear (*looking on her Watch*) Supper will be ready in half an Hour, pray come up as soon as you are at Leisure. Good—bye—Love, I'll retire with you whenever you please [*Exit*.

Sir Francis. So much Tranquility, bespeaks an easy Mind, I cant believe her guilty. But if I find her faulty in the Tryal, I'll banish her for ever from my Sight. (*Door opens*) But here comes Sally.

Enter Cautley, and Miss Flash.

Cautley, *Sir Francis*, I must take my Leave for to Night, my Sister is gone home somewhat ruffled. But if she is not flighty, we may have a Wedding or two to-morrow; and I have a little Business to do this Evening.

Sir Francis. My Lady has told me all about it: But that there may be no further Misunderstanding between our Families, please to come no more (*angrily*) here Sir, 'till you know we are all Friends.

Cautley. How do you mean *Sir Francis*?

Sir Francis. I mean as I say, Sir; and hope you'll take Care we have no further Difference.

Cautley. I know *Sir John's* Reasons, and make no Doubt I shall appease my Sister, if she is angry with him. Your Servant, *Sir Francis*, dear Lady, I am yours. [*Exit*.

Sir Francis. Your Servant, your Servant—My Blood boils at him.

Miss Flash. At Mr. *Cautley*? why Brother, did not you recommend him to me, and desired me to receive his Addresses?

Sir Francis. I did; but then I did not know him for a Villain.

Miss Flash. A Villain! Mr. *Cautley*, a Villain!

Sir

Sir Francis. From what I've heard, I must account him either Knave, or Fool.

Miss Flash. Some Villian has aspersed him. A Fool I'm sure he is not: And before I can think he's a Knave, I must be satisfied in some Particulars.

Sir Francis. There are Particulars, improper for the World to know.

Miss Flash. 'Tis proper I should know 'em, you bid me fix a Day with him before we parted. And I have promised that if his Sister's Wedding Day's to-morrow, that mine shall be the same.

Sir Francis. You've gone too farr. He has said such Things, that you must never have him.

Miss Flash. What has he said? of whom?

Sir Francis. He has scandalized my Wife, impeached her Virtue!

Miss Flash. Impossible! who told you so.

Sir Francis. One that was present.

Miss Flash. Present: when? and where?

Sir Francis. At Rochester last Night.

Miss Flash. He must been in a Dream, or those that heard him.

Sir Francis. He might be off his Guard, for he was drunk, or else he would not have accused himself.

Miss Flash. I cant believe it. If you are well informed, why didn't you charge him with it e'er he went?

Sir Francis. Such Things must not be noised. You shall break off the Match yourself.

Miss Flash. Not till I've heard him. If he can't justify himself, I will break off the Match. But as he is no Drunkard, I'm confident you are imposed upon, and he belied.

Sir Francis. Do you write to him, that you revoke your Promise, unless he can clear himself of being drunk last Night; and talking too freely of a Lady for whom you have the highest Regard. Go into my Study, and write directly. *William* shall carry it, the first Thing he does to-morrow Morning.

Miss Flash. I will, and doubt not of his Innocence.

Sir

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Sir Francis. Be careful not to drop a Word of this to my Lady, or any in the Family to Night.

Miss Flash. Perhaps, his Friend Sir John, may clear this Matter.

Sir Francis. I fear, Sir John is more his Friend, than mine; and as it is a tender Point, the Manner we have contrived will be least Noisey. If Cautley cannot justify his last Nights Conversation, Sir John and we may both avoid a further Explanation.

Enter William.

William. Supper's upon Table. Please your Honour.

Sir Francis. We come (*Exit* William) You may go and write what I told you as soon as Supper's over, and give it to William yourself. [*Exit.*]

Miss Flash. I can't much blame him for a Trick of Youth;

But being drunk: O fye! To speak the Truth:

She likes him still, cou'd not forbear a Frown,

To find my Charms so much excell her own.

[*Exit.*]



A C T. V.

SCENE I. A Parlour in Mrs Bentley's House.

Cautley *solus.*

[*Peeling an Orange, drops the Peel.*]

Cautley. I have had strange Dreams last Night, I put no Faith in 'em; but I wish my Sisters hasty Resolution to marry the Doctor, may not make a Breach between the Families. It was very odd of Sir Francis to forbid me his House. What is it to me, if my Sister is ever so angry with Sir John. My dear Friend, and I, shan't quarrel about it. I was in Hopes

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Hopes to have kept my Sister single, 'till we had heard his Lady was dead; for I believe the Surprise and loss of him, will break her Heart.

Enter Alice, and gives him a Letter.

Cautley. (opening it) Who brought it.

Alice. Sir Francis Flash's Servant.

Cautley. Bid him wait *(reading it starts)* I am amazed.

Alice. (looks out) he's gone, Sir.

Cautley. Gone, 'tis strange! Is my Sister stirring?

Alice. She is almost dressed, Sir.

Cautley. Dressed, she is not going out so early.

Alice. No, Sir, not 'till the Doctor returns.

Cautley. What Time did he go out?

Alice. As soon as 'twas Light, to Doctors Commons for a Licence; you know, Sir, they agreed last Night to be married, to-day and I am going with this Card *(shows a Card)* to invite all Sir Francis's Family.

Cautley. Before you go with your Message, desire my Sister to step down to me. I would speak with her immediately. *[Exit Alice.]*

I can hardly believe my Eyes! *(reads)*

St. James's Thursday Morning.

Sir

Last Night after you left us, I was informed of your Indiscretion on Tuesday Night at Rochester. And until you can clear yourself of your being drunk, and then talking too freely there in impeaching a Ladies Character, for whom I should have the highest Regard, I must suspend the Performance, of what you might otherwise have taken as a Promise, from Sir,

Your well Wisher

Sarah Flash.

Enter Miss Cautley. (richly dressed in White.)

What can she mean? *(giving the Letter.)* read this, and be as much surprised as I am. Impeach aadies Character!

Character! — When drunk! — I must have been drunk or mad, to have been guilty of such Baseness!

Miss *Cautley*. What say you Brother to this Charge?

Cautley. I say 'tis false in every Article.

Miss *Cautley*. She says she has been informed. (*returns the Letter*.)

Cautley. Informed of what? there's not the least Foundation; she does not say by whom.

Miss *Cautley*. Who should it be, but your Friend Sir *John*? This is the Man, on whom you build such Hopes! Are these his little Arts, to justify his Insults!

Cautley. No, on my Life I can't believe it of him, and yet I know not what to think.

Miss *Cautley*. What was her Promise pray?

Cautley. To wed with me to Day, if you should keep your Resolution.

Miss *Cautley*. He's so incensed me, nothing now shall break it.

Enter Bentley.

Bentley. Joy of my Life, I'm glad to see you're dressed! The formal Proctor almost made me mad. But there's our Passport to the Land of Promise. (*gives the License*.) And there's Sir what you desired me to bring.

(*Gives Cautley a Parcel*.)

Cautley. I thank you Doctor, I will be accountable; (*Gives the License to her Brother*.)

Miss *Cautley*. And there's your Warrant to demand the Performance of Miss *Sally*'s Promise. Pray Doctor was my Brother drunk last Tuesday Night?

Bentley. Drunk, Madam, I never saw him so in all my Life!

Cautley. Then; (*Giving the Letter*.) what do you think of this? I am charged of a Crime of which I think you can acquit me.

Bentley. Indeed, I can, and therefore I would have you Face your Accusers. (*returns the Letter*.) Who are they?

Miss *Cautley*. I have sent an Invitation to the whole Family. I guess who 'tis, and to shew my Resentment,

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ment, if your good Mother is ready; I'll go to Church with you before they come.

Bentley. Thank you, dear Madam; Lets go into her Chamber and hasten her.

Miss Cautley. I believe she's ne'r ready, I'll follow you, Sir. [Exit Bentley.]

Brother, I would have you make a Copy of Miss Sally's Letter, and leave it in an other, directed to Sir John, and tell him I was resolved nobody should spoil my Match, so hurried away to be married before he came.

Hold firm my Heart, to treat him with Disdain.

If e'r he lov'd me; this must give him Pain. [Exit]

Cautley. She Advises me well. I'll go up and do so. Tis the best Way I can bring this Matter to an Explanation, clear myself, and find out my Enemies: For I am confident, my Friend, Sir John, is not concerned in this. His Nature's such, where he dislikes, he boldly speaks his Mind. He'd Scorn to hurt a Foe by private Means; much more a Friend for whom, but Yesterday he made such generous Offers. [Exit.]

SCENE II. *Changes to Sir Francis Flash's Dining Room.* William. *(sweeping.)*

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Come, make Haste, they are all coming down to Breakfast, here.

William. Then, do so much as fetch the Things out of the Parlour. whilst I sweep out the Room, I thought they had been in the Parlour.

Jenny. No, they are all dressed, and chuse this large Room. [Exit.]

William. (Sweeping.) Dressed, what's to be done now, Sir John has been up these two Hours writing Letters, but by his best Wig's being dressed, and a rich French Suit taken out of his Portmantle, I guessed he was going to Court. But if they are all dressed there's something

something else in the Wind. (*Leaves of sweeping.*) But Mr. *Flash* went to his Office at Nine, as usual, he's not of their Party.

Enter Sir Francis and Miss Flash.

Sir Francis. When you carried Miss *Sally's* Letter, who did you see.

William. Only Mrs. *Alice*.

Miss Flash. You didn't stay for an Answer.

William. No, Madam you directed me to leave it, and not stay for any.

Sir Francis. Very well; get Breakfast.

[*Exit William.*]

I've tryed my Lady, and believe her Innocent. When I told her, I was sorry her Character should suffer, or her Virtue stand impeached, by one I always took to be her Friend, and mine! How unconcerned, she answered, she saw my Drift, was to put her out of Temper, for she was sure that neither Friend, or Foe, of hers, or mine, could have the least Pretence for such Asperision, and when I told her *Cautley* in his drink at *Rochester*, had said some Things of her, were misbecoming him to mention; I strictly watched her Countenance. But not one Blush arose.

Miss Flash. I'm very glad of it. But, said she, nothing to it?

Sir Francis. She answered calmly, she was sorry *Cautley* should drink so much as quite to lose his Reason. But that if I could credit any drunken Speech; she hoped I'd soberly examine about the Truth. But that she still believed it was a Jest of mine.

Miss Flash. Did you tell her about the Letter I have wrote to him?

Sir Francis. I did, and she approves on it much, and says if we go to his Sister's Wedding, it lies upon him to acquit himself, before he can claim your Promise.

Miss Flash. And do you think Miss *Cautley* will keep her Word with the Doctor?

Sir Francis. My Lady thinks she will, and so advised we should be ready, against they send to us. But Silence. Here's Sir *John*.

Enter

Enter Sir John Gaylove. (Richly dressed.)

Sir John. Good Morrow, Sir Francis, fair Lady your's. Are we invited yet to this Wedding?

Miss Flash. You know we were all invited last Night; but I suppose we shall hear again this Morning, whether the Lady keeps in the same Mind.

Sir John. I know her Pride will keep her steady, and I wish her Mind may heartily concur.

Miss Flash. Quite *Degage*. Some Gentlemen could not bear to see a Lady they had loved married to another.

Sir John. Had I not some private Reasons I could not bear it; for I must always confess she is a very amiable and deserving Lady.

Enter Lady Flash.

Lady Flash. I'm afraid you have all waited for me; (*Rings the Bell.*) have you hear'd any Thing yet from to'ther House?

Sir Francis. Not a Word yet my dear.

Enter Jenny, (With Chocolate she sets it on a side Table.)

Jenny. (*Delivering a Card.*) From your Ladyship's Aunt. (*She serves the Chocolate round.*)

Lady Flash. (*Reading.*) My Aunt sends her Compliments, and hopes all this good Family will grace with their Presence, the Nuptials of her Son, and Miss Cautley.

Sir John. Very well; but there is not one Word from the Lady herself.

Lady Flash. No matter. Out of Respect to my Aunt we must all go. Who brought the Message?

Jenny. Mrs Alice, she's just without the Door.

Lady Flash. Desire her to come in.

Jenny. Come in Mrs Alice.

Enter Alice.

Lady Flash. When, my dear, will your Lady be ready to go to the Abby?

Alice.

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Alice. She was dressed, my Lady before I came out; and if the Doctor is come with the License (which he went for as soon as 'twas Light) they'll wait for this good Company.

Sir John. Ha! is she so resolved, I'll keep her Spirit up. As I am to have the Honour to give her away, I'll step before, and tell the Bride my Reasons; for doing it so chearfully.

Sir Francis. *Sir John*, shall I trouble you to call at the Office, and acquaint my Brother *Richard* of it. (our Compliments) We'll meet 'em at the Abby.

Sir John. 'Tis but a Step out of my Way. I'll call on him. [Exit.

Sir Francis. My dear, I think I could walk it, 'tis but a little Way 'cross the Park, and if you go directly, I need not hurry my self.

Lady Flash. We are quite ready we will follow you.

Jenny. The Coach is at the Door my Lady.

Sir Francis. Well! I'll go in it then. [Exeunt.

All but Alice and Jenny.

Alice. I must make haste back, will you come to the Abby, *Jenny*.

Jenny. If you'll stay a few Minutes I'll be ready. (*Composing her Head Dress.*) But pray don't you think *Sir John*, is to have our young Lady, that he is so willing to resign yours.

Alice. No; but last Night, I over heard Mr. *Cautley* desire the Doctor, at the same Time he went for his own to pay for, and bring a License for him and Miss *Flash*, which he had bespoke, and should be glad to have ready. But *Sir Francis*, was so queer, that he doubted if Miss could keep her Promise.

Jenny. If she does marry Mr. *Cautley*, I am determined to have our *William*.

Alice. And I am determined not to die an old Maid. I wonder what *Sir John* has done with *Thomas*!

Enter

Enter William.

William. There's a *French* Gentleman below, that in broken *English* asks for Sir *John*, and he must speak with him, where is he gone?

Fenny. Sir *John* is gone to his Aunts, you must desire the Gentleman to come up, if he can wait, you must go and acquaint Sir *John* of it. [*Exit William.*]

Alice. I was asking whether you have had any Opportunity, to enquire after poor *Thomas*.

Enter Thomas, and William.

Thomas. Shall Ladies, you tell a me, where me will find a Sir *Jean de Gaylove*?

Fenny. Sir if you'll please to sit down, our Man shall go for him, he is at his Aunts, but a little Way off.

Thomas. Me be ver glad please to give me Complimans a Chevalier me shall be very proud de Baissi les Mains.

William. Bais his Mains. What the Devil's that.

Alice. 'Tis a *French* Compliments, to kiss his Hands the Gentleman means.

Thomas. Ver true Mamefelle vous entendre Francoise cette le propre Compliment a les Mesieurs mais, a, les Dames nous les baizee avec votre Permission come ca (*Salutes Fenny.*) par Example.

Alice. (*Aside.*) A charming impudent Fellow I'll talk *French* too; Monsieur Seavevous Monsieur *Thomas* Serviteur de Sir *Jean Gaylove*!

Thomas. Oui Mad'selle il est un brave Homme il me charge avec ses Complimans a un certain Demoiselle Apellee Apellee.

Fenny. *Fenny*, Monsieur nes pas.

Thomas. Non, non, Madmselle cette un autre Nome.

William. Please to let me know your Name Sir, that I may go to Sir *John*.

Alice. Sir, is it not *Alice*.

Thomas. Oui Mad'selle Seave vous la Dame.

Alice. Sir, 'tis your humble Servant. (*Curteffying.*)

Thomas.

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Thomas. O Mademoiselle je suis votre Serviteur tres humble avec votre permission (*Salutes her.*) I am that same worthy Gentleman come to bring my own Compliments. But as I am in great Haste to find Sir *John*, I must go to him myself.

Alice. *Thomas*, my dear *Thomas*, I did not know you!

Jenny. *Thomas*, how could you deceive us so?

William. Devil, take me, if I knew you; I am heartily glad to see you.

Thomas. My dear Girls, and honest Friend, when more at Leisure, I'll tell you the Hazards I've run; but now, I can't stay.

Alice. But pray tell me, dear *Thomas*, how you went to work to steal the Nun.

Thomas. By pulling off the Crown of an Oven. You know my Dear, my Ancestors were Bricklayers, I was both Projector and Artificer, I can assure you; but I can't stay.

Jenny. (*Holds him.*) But, pray where is She? You must tell us.

Thomas. At *Gravesend*, my Dear.

Alice. What dead! Miss *Cautley* will be glad of that. I'll go Home and spoil the Marriage, with this News.

Thomas. I'll go with you, my Dear; but I assure you, she's alive and well, and expects my Master to come to her on board the Ship. She'll not venture a Shore, till she sees him.

Alice. Well, then we may all go to her Wedding with Dr. *Bentley*, he must have her.

Thomas. When is it to be?

Alice. To-day, let's go; I can't stay a Minute longer.

Tho. To-day; what say you to follow her Example?

Alice. We will talk of that as we go along.

William. We will keep you in Countenance; shan't we, *Jenny*?

Jenny. Lead on, we may talk of that as well as they.

Will. (*Sings.*) Come let us away to the Wedding,
For there will be Feasting there,
The Doctor's to have Miss Nanny,
The Lads with the Nut-brown hair.

Exeunt.

C

SCENE

SCENE III. *Changes to Mrs. Bentley's Parlour.*
*A Letter upon the Table.)**Enter Sir John Gaylove, as speaking to a Servant without.**Sir John.* Gone a quarter of an Hour; but that there's a Letter for me in the Parlour. O, here it lies upon the Table. *[takes it up and shuts the Door.]**Signed Henry Courtley, (reads)*

Dear Friend,

TOU had pav'd the Way so well with your generous Proposal, that I happily succeeded in my Addresses so far, as to obtain the Lady's Promise, that if my Sister was married To-day, this should be my Wedding-Day also; I bespoke a Licence, and little doubted of my Happiness, 'till I received the inclosed. As to the Accusation therein, I think no body can better clear me of it than your good self. My Sister is very much provoked at it; so is the Doctor surpris'd. She desires me to assure you, that she is resolv'd no one shall spoil her Match with the Doctor, which makes her hurry away to be married before you come. Right Woman, let her go a perfect Sapho; takes the Leap in a Rage: Let her go; I shall be in less Danger of breaking my Marriage Vows. But what's this inclos'd.

Opens the other Letter.

Signed Sarah Flash.

Thursday Morning.

*Informed of—hum, hum—Indiscretion at Rochester,
—drunk there—impeaching Lady's Character—
should have his highest Regard—suspend Perfor-
mance—might otherwise—taken for Pro-
mise. Hey Day, who the Devil can have done all this Mis-
chief? It must be Flash; for Cautley says, the Doctor
is surpris'd; as well he may, and so am I.*

Enter Flash.

Flash. Why would not you wait a Minute for me, Sir John? I only staid to lock up my Papers. But the Servant says they are all gone excepting you.

Sir

Sir John. 'Tis necessary you and I should stay a little longer. (*Giving him the inclosed Letter.*) Do you know any thing about the Contents of this?

Flash. Hum———hum———hum
suspend———Promise,———well———
Wither———Sarah Flash.

Sir John. What say you to it, Sir?

Flash. Why yes, I remember Cautley drank very freely; you know he talked as freely about Lady Flash.

Sir John. Then, I know you are a Villian, Sir.

Flash. Villian! Sir John.

Sir John. Yes; base calumniating Villain? if you don't like my Words, draw Sir. (*Draws.*)

Flash. Not I, Sir; 'tis none of my Hand, 'tis your Parson's own Writing.

Sir John. Yes, 'tis a Copy, I make no doubt, but he has the Original: But I find you are a Coward, and as such, I'll treat you. (*Going to kick him, Flash suddenly draws his Sword and makes a Pass at him.*)

Flash. Thus, I'll correct your Insolence.

Sir John. (*Parries it.*) You are mistaken; Coward once again.

Flash. Who was the Coward t'other Night, that drew in Company were sure to part us.

Sir John. (*Fastening the Door puts the Key in his Pocket.*) Come on, Sir; now we are sure to have it out. (*They fight, and Flash slightly wounds Sir John in the Wrist. Flash Treads on some Orange Peel which makes him slide, and his Legs fly up.*)

Flash. Unlucky Slip———(*Some Body tries to open the Door.*)

Sir John. Get up; I scorn to take your Life upon the Ground.

Flash. (*Rising makes a sudden Lounge.*) Then once more to your Heart.

Sir John. (*Parries it.*) Ungrateful Villain, you shall feel my Vengeance. (*They fight, and Sir John disarms Flash.*)

Flash. Curse on my Arm; then I must beg my Life.

(*Knocks.*)

Sir

Sir John. If you had injured none but me, I would not take it.

Flash. I own, I have injured Cautley, your Friend. But—

Sir John. How can you repair the Injustice you have done him?

Flash. I will retract all that I told Sir Francis. *(Knocking at the Door.)*

Mrs. Bently. *(Without.)* Break open the Door; I fear there's Murder done.

Sir John. On that Condition, rise Sir; but 'till you do, I'll not restore your Sword.

Sir Francis. *(Without.)* Let's break it open. *(Knocks violently.)*

Mrs. Bentley. Do, do, Sir Francis; all of you help.

Sir John. aloud. Madam, I'll open it presently. Sir, will you retract before 'em all.

Flash. I will, and own your Mercy. *(Sir John opens the Door, and puts up his own Sword.)*

Enter Omnes.

Sir John. *(To Cautley.)* My injured Friend, to clear your Innocence, I drew my Sword.

Flash. I own, Sir Francis, what I told you was a Lie.

Sir Francis. Brother, how could you be so base?

Flash. *(To Cautley.)* Good Sir, can you forgive me?

Cautley. *(To Sir John.)* I am sorry, my dear Friend, you indanger'd your Life, because *(thanks to the Doctor)* we have had an Ecclesiastical; Sir Francis is so well satisfied, that he hath made me happy with this dear Lady, and upon Account of your near Kindred to her, Sir I heartily forgive you.

Sir John. *(Delivering it.)* There is your Sword again, Sir; when next you use it, let your Cause be just.

(Seeing Thomas, Starts.)

Ha! Tom, is it you, or do my Eyes deceive me?

Thomas. *(Runs and Embraces his Knees.)* 'Tis I, 'tis I, my ever honoured Master, I hope you are not wounded.

Sir

Sir John. Only a slight Scratch. (*Shewing his Wrist.*) Rise faithful Thomas. But tell me shall I ask you, lives my dear, my lovely *Antonietta*?

Thomas. She lives, we narrowly escaped together?

Sir John. Escaped, impossible! you flatter me. I can't believe you without Circumstances.

Cautley. Was not she carried off by half the Russians, and you overcome by the rest.

Thomas. The Waiter told you so, who stood by me 'till I was overpower'd; I bad him hasten you both away.

Sir John. Then, she is in their Power, tho' you were released.

Thomas. As they were carrying me off, I saw some *English* and *Swedish* Sailors, from the *Key* running towards us; which revived my Hopes, I loudly cried out Murder. There's Villains, Ravishers, Sodomites.

Sir John. Well, did they rescue you?

Thomas. They fell upon, and seized 'em all, they freed, and asked me which were the Sodomites; by a lucky Thought instantly, I answered, They were all so, and that Ten, or more of 'em had seized upon my Master's Page, a lovely Youth, and were just then turning the Corner of the Square, for there I saw 'em still, and we pursued and found 'em. (Your Lady almost lifeless, her fainting away had stoped them there. The honest Tars pitying the Youth, beat 'em all unmercifully; the Cry of Sodomites increased the Crowd while I engaged one of 'em, to help me away with her, and another, to carry the Portmanteau, and Trunk, to the Boat which waited for us.

Cautley. And could you possibly attain the Vessel, before the Crowd was undeceived.

Thomas. We did, and soon got under sail; but afterwards with Telescopes we saw two Row-Gallies set off, too late to overtake us.

Sir John. Well! how fared it with my Love? Did she recover, or is she—

Thomas. 'Twas full an Hour before she spoke; and then with sweetest Voice, she gently cried, On est mon chere Mari.

Sir

54 LOVE and FRIENDSHIP: Or,

Sir John. I am her Husband, where is my Dear, my wedded wife?

Sir Francis, Lady Flash, Mrs. Bentley.

Husband—wedded Wife—surprising!

Thomas. She is in the Ship at *Gravesend*; I told the Captain your whole Story. He said he well remembered, and was once much obliged by your good Father, and so resolved to make all the sail he could for *England*. He treats her as his Child, and will not go ashore 'till you yourself come for her.

Sir John. I'll fly to see her; once again I am a happy Man.

Mrs. Bentley. Nephew, I heartily wish you Joy.

Omnes. Joy! Joy! to Sir John Gaylove.

Sir John. (*To Miss Cautley.*) Joy to you, Madam, now the Secret of my Marriage is out. I hope you will excuse my Yesterday's seeming Indifference; and I make no Doubt you will be very happy with the Doctor. (*To Bentley.*) Cousin, may you have all the Joy this Lady can bestow, or I can wish.

Miss Cautley. We are both much obliged to you, Sir John, for your good Wishes.

Sir John. (*To Miss Flash.*) And may you, young Lady, be as happy as my deserving Friend, will surely make you.

Miss Flash. Sir John, we can't express our Gratitude in Words.

Lady Flash. Brother, my Obligation is not the least.

Sir Francis. Nor mine, we all must own ourselves your Debtors.

Flash. *If Life's a Gift, and Envy turned to Love
Can make a Heart sincere, you'll mine approve.*

Sir John. (*Giving his Hand to Flash.*) Sir, we are Friends again. (*To the rest*) And I hope you will all oblige me in one Request, I have to make.

Sir Francis. What is it? we shall all comply, if in our Power?

Bentley. To be sure we shall; pray, name it, Sir John?

Cautley.

The Lucky Recovery. 55

Cautley. I'm bound for ever to your Service.

Mrs. Bentley. We shall all be ready to oblige you, Nephew.

Sir John. I thank you, Madam, I hope you, and all my Friends here, will go with me to receive my dear *Antonietta*; few Hours will carry us to *Gravesend*.

Mrs. Bentley. If I go to oblige you; none of the young Folks, can complain of the Journey.

Bentley. Do, Madam; let's celebrate our Nuptials there.

Mrs. Bentley. I intended to have entertained you all To-day; but the Provisions will keep till To-morrow.

Sir Francis. Go *William*, order the Coaches.

[Exit William.]

Sir John. Good *Thomas*, get me a Post-Chaise directly.

[Exit Thomas.]

Ladies, I go before to tell my Love,

I think myself more happy than was Jove.

He stole his Pleasure, mine has Hymen blest,

With all my Friends, to celebrate this Feast.

Cautley. How unexpected has Benevolence,

Met with it's sure Reward from Providence;

This proves, we'er under Heaven's peculiar Care;

And that the Brave, and Good, should not Despair.

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.

N. B. The Sequel is ready for the Press, and will soon be published.

E P I L O G U E

To be spoken by ALICE.

WELL, now they are gone, and all this Bustle over;
'Tis Time for me to think, about my Lover.

Tom, is a Man of Courage, and Invention;
Therefore, I think him, worthy my Attention;
'Twas by his Art, the Nun stole out by Night;
And when surpris'd, how bravely did he Fight:
He would have conquer'd, had it been for me:
What! but his ready Wit, could set her Free;
'Twas by his Care, she reached the Vessel's Side;
But 'tis his Love, that seeks me for a Bride;
And I am sure, his Constancy is try'd.
For tho', Sir John, from his first Love could range
Not all the Maids in France, could Thomas change.
Soon as returned, he warm'd my Lips with Kisses;
He jok'd with Jenny, but he me Caresses;
And 'tis for wedded Love, alone he presses.

And shall not I consent, but like my Lady
Be scrupulous, and say, "I am not ready."
Shall I like her, in the full Bloom of Youth
Belie my Heart, and sin against the Truth?
When e're I do, like her's maybe my Fate,
In Spite of Love, to wed the Man I bate;
But with her Leave, I firmly swear by Jove,
Soon as I can to have the Man I love.

Thomas. O Mademoiselle je suis votre Serviteur très humble avec votre permission (*Salutes her.*) I am that same worthy Gentleman come to bring my own Compliments. But as I am in great Haste to find Sir John, I must go to him myself.

Alice. *Thomas*, my dear *Thomas*, I did not know you!

Jenny. *Thomas*, how could you deceive us so?

William. Devil, take me, if I knew you; I am heartily glad to see you.

Thomas. My dear Girls, and honest Friend, when more at Leisure, I'll tell you the Hazards I've run; but now, I can't stay.

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William. We will keep you in Countenance; shan't we, *Jenny*?

Jenny. Lead on, we may talk of that as well as they.

Will. (*Sings.*) *Come let us away to the Wedding,*
For there will be Feasting there,
The Doctor's to have Miss Nanny,
The Lass with the Nut-brown hair.

Exeunt.

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A Letter upon the Table.**Enter Sir John Gaylove, as speaking to a Servant without.**Sir John.* Gone a quarter of an Hour; but that there's a Letter for me in the Parlour. O, here it lies upon the Table. *[takes it up and shuts the Door.]**Signed Henry Courtley, (reads)*

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Opens the other Letter.

Signed Sarah Flash.

Thursday Morning.

*Informed of—hum, hum—Indiscretion at Rochester,
—drunk there—impeaching Lady's Character—
—should have his highest Regard—suspend Perfor-
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mise. Hey Day, who the Devil can have done all this Mis-
chief? It must be Flash; for Cautley says, the Doctor
is surpris'd; as well he may, and so am I.*

Enter Flash.

Flash. Why would not you wait a Minute for me, Sir John? I only staid to lock up my Papers. But the Servant says they are all gone excepting you.

Sir

The Lucky Recovery,

51

Sir John. 'Tis necessary you and I should stay a little longer. (*Giving him the inclosed Letter.*) Do you know any thing about the Contents of this?

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suspend—Promise,—well—
Wither—Sarah Flash.

Sir John. What say you to it, Sir?

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Sir John. Then, I know you are a Villian, Sir.

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Sir John. Yes; base calumniating Villain? if you don't like my Words, draw Sir. (*Draws.*)

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Flash. Who was the Coward t'other Night, that drew in Company were sure to part us.

Sir John. (*Fastening the Door puts the Key in his Pocket.*) Come on, Sir; now we are sure to have it out. (*They fight, and Flash slightly wounds Sir John in the Wrist. Flash Treads on some Orange Peel which makes him slide, and his Legs fly up.*)

Flash. Unlucky Slip—(*Some Body tries to open the Door.*)

Sir John. Get up; I scorn to take your Life upon the Ground.

Flash. (*Rising makes a sudden Lounge.*) Then once more to your Heart.

Sir John. (*Parries it.*) Ungrateful Villain, you shall feel my Vengeance. (*They fight, and Sir John disarms Flash.*)

Flash. Curse on my Arm; then I must beg my Life. (*Kneels.*)

C 2

Sir

52 LOVE and FRIENDSHIP; Or,

Sir John. If you had injured none but me, I would not take it.

Flash. I own, I have injured Cautley, your Friend. But—

Sir John. How can you repair the Injustice you have done him?

Flash. I will retract all that I told Sir Francis.

(Knocking at the Door.)

Mrs. Bently. (Without.) Break open the Door; I fear there's Murder done.

Sir John. On that Condition, rise Sir; but 'till you do, I'll not restore your Sword.

Sir Francis. (Without.) Let's break it open.

(Knocks violently.)

Mrs Bentley. Do, do, Sir Francis; all of you help.

Sir John. aloud.) Madam, I'll open it presently. Sir, will you retract before 'em all.

Flash. I will, and own your Mercy.

(Sir John opens the Door, and puts up his own Sword.)

Enter Omnes.

Sir John. (To Cautley.) My injured Friend, to clear your Innocence, I drew my Sword.

Flash. I own, Sir Francis, what I told you was a Lie.

Sir Francis. Brother, how could you be so base?

Flash. (To Cautley.) Good Sir, can you forgive me?

Cautley. (To Sir John.) I am sorry, my dear Friend, you indanger'd your Life, because (thanks to the Doctor) we have had an Ecclarcisement; Sir Francis is so well satisfied, that he hath made me happy with this dear Lady, and upon Account of your near Kindred to her, Sir I heartily forgive you.

Sir John. (Delivering it.) There is your Sword again, Sir; when next you use it, let your Cause be just.

(Seeing Thomas, starts.)

Ha! Tom, is it you, or do my Eyes deceive me?

Thomas. (Runs and Embraces his Knees.) 'Tis I, 'tis I, my ever honoured Master, I hope you are not wounded.

Sir

Sir John. Only a slight Scratch. (*Shewing his Wrist.*)
Rise faithful *Thomas*. But tell me shall I ask you, lives
my dear, my lovely *Antonietta*?

Thomas. She lives, we narrowly escaped together?

Sir John. Escaped, impossible! you flatter me. I
can't believe you without Circumstances.

Cautley. Was not she carried off by half the Ruffians,
and you overcome by the rest.

Thomas. The Waiter told you so, who stood by me
'till I was overpower'd; I bad him hasten you both
away.

Sir John. Then, she is in their Power, tho' you were
released;

Thomas. As they were carrying me off, I saw some
English and *Swedish* Sailors, from the *Key* running towards
us; which revived my Hopes, I loudly cried out Mur-
der. There's Villains, Ravishers, Sodomites.

Sir John. Well, did they rescue you?

Thomas. They fell upon, and seized 'em all, they
freed, and asked me which were the Sodomites; by a
lucky Thought, instantly, I answered, They were all
so, and that Ten, or more of 'em had seized upon my
Master's Page, a lovely Youth, and were just then
turning the Corner of the Square, for there I saw 'em
still, and we pursued and found 'em. (Your Lady al-
most lifeless, her fainting away had stoped them there.
The honest Tars pitying the Youth, beat 'em all un-
mercifully; the Cry of Sodomites increased the Crowd
while I engaged one of 'em, to help me away with her,
and another, to carry the Portmanteau, and Trunk, to
the Boat which waited for us.

Cautley. And could you possibly attain the Vessel,
before the Crowd was undeceived.

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too late to overtake us.

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she recover, or is she—

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and then with sweetest Voice, she gently cried, On est
mon chere Mari.

Sir

54 LOVE and FRIENDSHIP: Or,

Sir John. I am her Husband, where is my Dear, my wedded wife?

Sir Francis, Lady Flash, Mrs. Bentley, Husband—wedded Wife—surprising!

Thomas. She is in the Ship at *Gravesend*; I told the Captain your whole Story. He said he well remembered, and was once much obliged by your good Father, and so resolved to make all the sail he could for *England*. He treats her as his Child, and will not go ashore till you yourself come for her.

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Mrs. Bentley. Nephew, I heartily wish you Joy.

Omnes. Joy! Joy! to Sir John Gaylove.

Sir John. (*To Miss Cautley.*) Joy to you, Madam, now the Secret of my Marriage is out. I hope you will excuse my Yesterday's seeming Indifference; and I make no Doubt you will be very happy with the Doctor. (*To Bentley.*) Cousin, may you have all the Joy this Lady can bestow, or I can wish.

Miss Cautley. We are both much obliged to you, Sir John, for your good Wishes.

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Sir Francis. Nor mine, we all must own ourselves your Debtors.

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Can make a Heart sincere, you'll mine approve.

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Bentley. To be sure we shall; pray, name it, Sir John?

Cautley.

The Lucky Recovery. 55

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Mrs. Bentley. We shall all be ready to oblige you, Nephew.

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Bentley. Do, Madam; let's celebrate our Nuptials there.

Mrs. Bentley. I intended to have entertained you all To-day; but the Provisions will keep till To-morrow.

Sir Francis. Go *William*, order the Coaches.

[Exit *William*,

Sir John. Good *Thomas*, get me a Post-Chaise directly.

[Exit *Thomas*.

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I think myself more happy than *Jove*.

He stole his Pleasure, mine has Hymen blest,

With all my Friends, to celebrate this Feast.

Cautley. How unexpected has Benevolence,

Met with it's sure Reward from Providence;

This proves, we'er under Heaven's peculiar Care;

And that the Brave, and Good, should not Despair.

[Exeunt,

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EPILOGUE

To be spoken by ALICE.

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'Tis Time for me to think, about my Lover.

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Therefore, I think him, worthy my Attention.

'Twas by his Art, the Nun stole out by Night;
And when surpris'd, how bravely did he Fight:

He would have conquer'd, had it been for me:
What! but his ready Wit, could set her Free;

'Twas by his Care, she reached the Vessel's Side;
But 'tis his Love, that seeks me for a Bride;
And I am sure, his Constancy is try'd.

For tho', Sir John, from his first Love could range
Not all the Maids in France, could Thomas change.

Soon as returned, he warm'd my Lips with Kisses;
He jok'd with Jenny, but he me Caresses;
And 'tis for wedded Love, alone he presses.

And shall not I consent, but like my Lady
Be scrupulous, and say, "I am not ready."

Shall I like her, in the full Bloom of Youth

Belie my Heart, and sin against the Truth?

When e're I do, like her's maybe my Fate,

In Spite of Love, to wed the Man I hate;

But with her Leave, I firmly swear by Jove,

Soon as I can to have the Man I love.